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(Secretary).

Col. Sir E. Ward
(Witness).

LORD ESHER'S COMMISSION FOR THE REFORM OF THE WAR OFFICE: EXAMINATION OF THE PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR.

DRAWN AT A MEETING OF THE COMMISSION BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

About seventy eminent persons have subscribed to Mr. W. L. Courtney's declaration in the *Fortnightly Review* that "something must be done" to save the British Drama. The misfortune is that very few of them have any clear idea as to what is practicable. They are full of "discontent," and eager to see "a healthier condition of things." There will have to be some better organisation of opinion than this before anything can be done. It is no use telling us that in the principal capitals of Europe the drama is subsidised by the State or out of the monarch's privy purse, as if this ideal could be transplanted to the totally different conditions that prevail here. In those cities the theatre has always been a national or municipal institution, because this is the aspect in which the peoples concerned instinctively regard it. Here there is no such tradition and no such instinct. Among the majority of British playgoers there is a dogged apathy about the artistic welfare of the stage. Of politicians it has been noted that if they visit the theatre at all they prefer to find there the least intelligent form of entertainment. A third and powerful class consists of people who distrust the theatre, and would vehemently resist any proposal to quarter it on the taxes or rates. Where, then, are the elements for that popular agitation without which no responsible financier would dream of endowing a playhouse out of the public treasury?

But it is painfully true that the drama is at a low ebb, and that the art of acting is in the same evil case. The entertainment which dominates our stage just now does not produce actors; it produces mimics, drolls, clowns, third-rate dancers, and singers whose articulation is so bad that one charitably supposes they are ashamed of the words they are engaged to sing. A dramatic school, where beginners will at least be taught to speak, is a necessity admitted by all actors, save those who are incorrigibly wedded to the old belief that technical instruction is futile, and that genius, when invited to account for itself, should be able proudly to declare with Topsy, "Specs I grewed!" But if you train actors, what is to become of them? Dramatic authors of repute will tell you now that they find it more and more difficult to get their pieces properly acted. By the time you have trained your actors there may be no drama left—nothing but musical comedy. This consideration should stimulate Mr. Courtney's seventy missionaries to some organised effort. Mr. Frederic Harrison has given an excellent cue. Why not waylay, pester, and bombard the philanthropists, until one or more of them can be persuaded to make the experiment of an endowed theatre?

Here you would have a rallying point for the lovers of the drama; a repertory not dependent on the box-office receipts; a stage which would take its pupils from your dramatic school and finish their education. In the heterogeneous mob of people who frequent theatres there is still a taste for acting, as distinguished from grimacing, and this taste would be cultivated in the new theatre. But for this enterprise you need an enthusiast or a syndicate of enthusiasts. Syndicates of speculators who want nothing but a good dividend are common enough. Where are we to find a syndicate that will set a standard of art above the commercial return, and feel sufficiently rewarded by a play which draws mind and not money? Not that a deficit is the inevitable crown, the martyr's crown, of such an adventure. The plays would not always be sad and solemn; the endowed theatre would surprise the town now and then with a lively comedy. It is possible that even a serious play would sometimes interest a considerable public. But successful or not financially, the endowed theatre would exasperate those economists who hold that even a private subvention to art is an illegitimate form of competition. There is less danger from such opposition than from the tendency of enthusiasts for the drama to quarrel over it. What if the beneficent philanthropist should not approve the plays produced by the management? What if the syndicate of enthusiasts should get to loggerheads over the ethics of a serious drama? Is there any play, ancient or modern, upon which Mr. Courtney's seventy sympathisers would be found in ethical agreement? Never mind. There is a nice crop of nettles waiting to be grasped; but that is no reason for quailing.

I like the intrepidity of the young French dramatist who has been helping himself to Shakspeare. He has mixed a salad out of "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and given it a seasoning all his own. Imagine Prince Hal plotting the abduction of Anne Page, and emerging from a drunken fit in deference to her virtuous reproof! Imagine him, under the magical touch of M. Jacques Richepin, behaving like a whimpering cad! Imagine the assurance of the dramatist who leaves Shakspeare's name out of the bill, and says, "I have invested Falstaff with humour"! Mr. William

Archer has set us all admiring a passage from Mr. J. T. Grein's stimulating volume of dramatic criticism. Contemplating that weird drama called "The Eternal City," Mr. Grein wrote: "I reiterate my inability to mete out analytical criticism to this gigantic compilation of olla-podrida." No English critic, as Mr. Archer says, could have written that gorgeous sentence. You may say it is not English; but it achieves its purpose with a completeness surpassing the cold accuracy of our tongue. As an expression of despairing wonder it defies competition; and therefore I take leave to borrow it to indicate my sentiments in regard to M. Richepin's masterpiece. Art thou not avenged, O Bard of Avon?

It is said that Pierre Loti is about to try his hand on "King Lear." And still the *entente cordiale* holds out! They don't translate Shakspeare in Paris now, as in the days when a conscientious scribe translated "All hail, Macbeth," into "Bon jour, M. Macabet." They rewrite him. M. Loti's Lear will be a nice plaintive old gentleman, dimly shadowed in polite verse. Everything barbaric about him will be carefully smoothed away. In one of Ben Jonson's plays there is a comic personage who complains of people he does not like, that they are "tedious vapours." Loti's Lear may not be tedious; but he will certainly be a vapour. Well, we have made vapours enough out of French plays; it is only fair that our neighbours should repay us in kind. Mr. Pinero has been done into French for the Odéon. I hope there will be more of him left than there was in Italian. When Duse appeared as a Pinero lady, she bore no resemblance to the author's creation, and the whole point of the play was missed. They cannot manage these things worse than that in France.

If the State in this country does not care a straw about the drama, how much does it care about literature? Nothing whatever, says Mr. William Watson in the *Fortnightly*. He casts a yearning glance backward to the days when thou, great Anna, whom three realms obeyed, presided over the Muses. "It will scarcely be disputed that the State patronage of literature, culminating under the last Stuart Sovereign of this realm, has not formed a notable part of the policy of her Hanoverian successors." What a theme for Jacobite eloquence! The White Rose League will tell us that to put the Stuarts on the throne again would be to restore the glories of the time when Addison was a Secretary of State, and Prior was an Ambassador. There is an illustrious lady somewhere in Italy, I believe, preparing to resume the rights of the Stuart line by a diligent study of Mr. Watson's poems. She could not be more happily employed. At any rate, it would not be difficult for her to become vastly more accomplished than great Anna, who, I fear, ate too much, and could not tell one of her illustrious authors from another.

But it is true that the State nowadays does not heap honours on literary men, and appoint poets to be Envoys. If it did, I could name one whose accomplishments would enrich the dignity of his office. The State has an eye to the merits of painters and musicians. It made Leighton a peer and Millais a baronet. Music is always sure of a knighthood. But when a literary man is knighted, it is nearly always for some service quite disconnected with literature. What distinction has been offered to Mr. George Meredith or Mr. Thomas Hardy? "In the distribution of honorific rewards," says Mr. Watson, "to those who are considered to have served their country, literature seems expressly singled out for a studied and conspicuous disparagement." It is a true bill. Since the Order of Merit was founded, how many writers have received it? And what position does it hold in popular esteem? If you were to tell the affable hostess who is giving a gigantic "crush" that the eminent man in the doorway belongs to the Order of Merit, would that give her the least idea of his real standing?

You might apply another test, which is kindly set down by Mrs. Meynell in a paper she has contributed to *Harper's Magazine*. Say to the affable hostess: "That distinguished man of letters in the doorway is much disturbed by the note you wrote to him." "What's the matter with it?" says she. "Well, you used this phrase: 'I want you to come,' and you ought to have written, 'I should like to have you come,' or, better still, 'I would have you to come.'" "Bless the man!" says she. "Why isn't it good enough for him that I want him to come?" "Because it is one of the most uncouth phrases in modern English." Would that give her a higher opinion of the literary profession? Mrs. Meynell, who has an admirably fastidious sense of style, assures us that "I want you to come," which we all say, though we may not write it, is "singularly inelegant." Why may we not write it, and how is it inelegant? Can it be that the Order of Merit, to say nothing of peerages and baronetcies, is deliberately withheld from eminent literary persons because they have been convicted of this singular inelegance?

THE NEW ARMY SCHEME AND THE FOREIGN SYSTEMS.

BY SPENSER WILKINSON.

The Report of Lord Esher's Committee repeatedly appeals to the German system and its great General Staff as the model that has been followed in reconstituting the War Office. The Report speaks of "the main functions of a General Staff as they are now understood all over the civilised world by statesmen who have considered the necessities and conditions of Empire." I accept that standard. The question is where to look for the type of a General Staff and of its functions. I think we may look first of all to Germany and then to other countries which have been influenced by the German example. The American system is the adaptation of the Prussian ideas to the conditions of American government. If, therefore, we examine first the Prussian system, and then its American adaptation, we shall know what "statesmen who have considered the necessities and conditions of Empire" hold to be the functions of a General Staff.

The German Emperor is the Commander-in-Chief and absolute master of the German army, unimpeded by Ministerial responsibility to Parliament, which does not exist in Germany, and is carefully excluded from the Constitution. Yet the system is so arranged that the Emperor himself has nothing to do except to say "Yes" or "No" to proposals made to him. The whole army is divided into twenty army corps, each of which is entirely managed by its General commanding. Each General reports to the Emperor through the "Military Cabinet," which corresponds to the office of the Military Secretary, now abolished in England. The army corps are grouped under Inspectors, supposed to be the Generals who, in war, would command armies of three, four, or five army corps each. Besides the Military Cabinet the Emperor has two central offices—the Ministry of War and the General Staff. The Ministry of War is, under the Emperor, the office for all matters of organisation, armament, fortification, and administration. The General Staff assists the Emperor-Commander-in-Chief and the commanders of army corps in strategical, tactical, and administrative matters, and also cultivates the military sciences. It is subdivided into the great General Staff, which assists the Commander-in-Chief, and the general staffs of army corps, which assist the army corps commanders.

The General Staff is thus the organ of the commander; it assists him in commanding. The Chief of the Staff of an army corps composes for the General all the orders for the movements of the army corps; he is the *alter ego* of the General for purposes of generalship. The Chief of the great General Staff is the officer through whom, in war, the Emperor directs the movements of the whole army by orders addressed to the commanders of armies—i.e., of groups of army corps. The Emperor's authority is employed in directing the army; the orders go out in his name, but they are the work of the Chief of the Staff, whose function it is to make all the plans and to design and direct all the operations. Moltke's perfect work consisted in his plans of campaign, and in the successive orders by which he directed their execution.

What is the vital essential element in this system? Evidently that planning and acting are in one and the same hand. The General Staff is the organ of command, not in the sense of discipline, but in the sense of leadership of the army, and the vital thing is that the leadership is in the hands of the thinking department; that the leading department and the thinking department are one and the same. The War Ministry which administers and organises no doubt does its own thinking as well as its own administering, but it is concerned with a different set of subjects, the special province of strategy, tactics, military operations, plans of campaign, and orders in the field being reserved both in theory and practice for the General Staff.

In peace the only operations that take place are the manœuvres, and these the Chief of the Staff, in the Emperor's name, supervises and directs. That is the principal peace exercise which the Chief of the Staff can have of his war function of direction, and every German handbook of General Staff duties devotes a large part of its space to the subject of peace manœuvres.

In America the command-in-chief of the army is vested in the President, who can, and usually does, exercise it through a civilian Secretary of War. Mr. Root, who has just retired from the office of Secretary of War, created the office of Chief of the Staff to the President, and delegated to the Chief of the Staff not only the duty of planning operations, but also that of supervising all the branches of the War Office and all the troops. The American Chief of the Staff is much what the English Commander-in-Chief was, the difference in name marking the fact that the Chief of the Staff has no independent authority, but is the obedient servant of the Secretary of War.

The natural place in the new system to look for something like the great General Staff of the German army would be in the office of the First Military Member of the War Office Council, whose duties are summarised as "operations of war," and enumerated as: "Military policy in all its branches; War Staff duties, intelligence, mobilisation, plans of operations, training, military history, higher education, war regulations." The Report does not say what peace duties this officer will have, nor what will be his relation to the troops and their commanders. Lord Esher, in his own scheme, proposed that this officer should have no executive duties. If that is to be the case, his will be a thinking, but not an acting department. In that event, the vital link between knowledge and command, which is the essence of a General Staff, will be absent. To complete the list of duties, the German model would require the addition to the above list of the words,

"Supervision of peace manœuvres." But the Report gives this function to an Inspector outside the War Office.

Thus I am unable to see that the Report is justified in citing in its favour the example either of the German or of the American system.

The Report appears to regard the Defence Committee with its secretariat as a sort of General Staff. But, outside of Great Britain, I am not acquainted with any General Staff that is anything else but the organ for directing the operations either of an army or of a navy. This secretariat can hardly in any case direct operations, nor can it be permitted to usurp the functions of the First Sea Lord or of the First Military Member of Council, whose function is the design of operations. It cannot well be in touch with Generals commanding army corps or with Admirals commanding fleets. The analogy to a General Staff therefore falls to the ground.

The Committee of Defence appears to be a peculiar insular institution, which cannot be justified or explained by comparison with any institution existing in the systems either of Germany or America.

PARLIAMENT.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family, opened Parliament on Feb. 2. His Majesty read the Speech, which briefly reviewed foreign affairs, the Somaliland trouble, and the expedition to Tibet, and made guarded allusions to Macedonia and the Far Eastern Question. The Legislative programme for the Session proved to be very modest, including a Licensing Bill, an Alien Immigration Bill, and a measure to amend the Labourers Acts in Ireland.

In the House of Lords, the Address was disposed of after a very languid discussion. In the Commons the absence of Mr. Balfour, who was kept indoors by a feverish cold, robbed the opening of the debate of its personal interest. It was at first reported that his place would be taken by the Home Secretary, Mr. Akers-Douglas; but Mr. Austen Chamberlain exercised the presumptive right of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to act as Leader of the House. To Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's challenge to the Government to submit the fiscal issue to the electorate, Mr. Austen Chamberlain replied that this appeal would be made all in good time. Meanwhile the Government had their own policy, which the Prime Minister had clearly defined—a policy simply of fiscal reform. All they said was that the commercial interests of the country demanded a change in the system. The House listened with delight while the Chancellor of the Exchequer politely ignored his father's policy, and no listener was more delighted with the performance than the father himself.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE," AT TERRY'S.

There is one gratification on which we playgoers can surely count when an Army man turned dramatist, like Captain Basil Hood or Captain Marshall, writes a play dealing with military life—his soldiers should be no mere make-believe, but the "genuine article." How pleasing, then, was it last week at Terry's Theatre to feel sure that the chivalrous captain and the comic sergeant of Mr. Basil Hood's invention were correct from head to foot! How piquant to watch a regimental tea-party at which a real kettle serves as teapot, and a soda-water bottle as milk-jug! Let us not talk of Tom Robertson after this. Not that Mr. Hood despises the author of "Caste"; no, he takes a leaf out of his book. The actuality of Captain Hood's comedy, "Love in a Cottage," is a mere external covering for an abundance of sentiment. Here is a peer's dainty daughter who woos unreservedly a penniless captain—but then he is romantically named Ulick O'Brien. Here is a hero, this same captain, who never tells his love to Lady Sheila, but quixotically leaves the field clear for a wealthy noodle. Even the noodle, when by the time-honoured method of eavesdropping he learns the truth, proves as noble and self-sacrificing as his rival. Only one mistake has Mr. Hood made. He introduces in his first act the heroine's sister as a sad wife, the victim of her match-making mother's worship of wealth; and Lady Eileen's appearance suggests something very different from what we obtain—a graceful, conventional fairy-tale. The amiable little play is given suitably amiable interpreters, the cast including Miss Janet Alexander, Miss Irene Rooke, Miss Dorothy Drake, and Miss Rosina Filippi, Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Vane Tempest, Mr. Bentham, and Mr. Brandon Thomas.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

There was a capital attendance at the Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball which took place on the last Friday evening of January, and the costumes exhibited could boast of more than customary brilliance. Perhaps the most striking design was one of Mr. Clarkson's inventing, which suggested the probable variations of climate to be expected in February, but other pretty prize dresses were one representing the "Mimosa" flower and another entitled "In a Conservatory." As is usual now, the cake-walk dance was the most popular and vivacious feature of the programme. The next ball is due on Shrove Tuesday.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP AT OLYMPIA.

How long the newest public craze, that for wrestling, will last—and the music-hall popularity of the once famous English sport seems everywhere to be just now immense—it would be dangerous to prophesy. But, certainly, if future contests are to end as quickly and, in a way, as unsatisfactorily as did that for which such elaborate and admirable preparations were made, and such a vast audience assembled at Olympia last Saturday, audiences may hardly think they obtain full value for their money. The battle (in Græco-Roman style) of those two

giants, Madrali, "the Terrible Turk," and Hackenschmidt, "the Russian Lion," was finished in little more than half a minute—in a single fall, during which the Turk unluckily dislocated his elbow. That the better man won may be true, for Hackenschmidt, though three inches short of the Turk's six feet one and eighteen pounds lighter than Madrali's sixteen stone, looks lithier, better proportioned, and more firmly knit than his heavier opponent, and his muscles stand out in wonderful knots.

CONVIVIALITY BY CABLE.

Originality is always to be expected from the Pilgrims' Club in the accessories of their banquets, which exist to bind Britain and America in closer union. The most recent feast was a practical illustration alike of the club's object and of its secretary, Mr. Harry Brittain's, ingenuity, for the members supped at the Carlton on Jan. 29 in conjunction with their brethren in New York, who, at the same hour, allowing for the difference of longitude, were entertaining Sir H. M. Durand, the British Ambassador, at dinner at Delmonico's. Between the two parties stretched the Atlantic cable, and near the chairmen, so many thousand miles apart, were placed telegraphic instruments, which dispatched and received friendly greetings during the evening. At the Carlton, Colonel Hutchinson, in the absence of Lord Roberts, occupied the chair. Along the wire Mr. Choate greeted Sir Mortimer Durand, and Lord Roberts greeted Bishop Potter. Various poetic messages also passed across the Atlantic.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

His Majesty the King takes a conscientious pride in his Parliamentary duties, and since his succession he has not failed to open a Session of the Legislature. In pageantry, the spectacle of Feb. 2 differed little from its predecessors, except that it would have had a greater opportunity for display had the weather been propitious, for the procession passed for the first time down the remodelled Mall, which now stretches in a splendid vista from Spring Gardens to the gate of Buckingham Palace. With the completion of the Victoria Memorial, the chance for splendid spectacle in this historic avenue will be even more richly enhanced. Their Majesties were preceded to the Houses of Parliament by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and at 1.30 the State procession, the splendour of the attendants greatly dimmed by water-proofs, left Buckingham Palace. The King and Queen rode in the gilded State coach, and were enthusiastically greeted by the crowds which, despite the downpour, lined the route. On arriving at the Victoria Tower entrance of Westminster Palace, a royal salute was fired, and their Majesties passed within to conduct the time-honoured ceremony, which was gone through with the usual heraldic splendour. The only variation from precedent was that his Majesty sat to deliver his speech, which is recorded elsewhere.

THE CONGO QUESTION.

King Leopold is reported to have paid Berlin a visit for the purpose of asking the Kaiser to buy the Congo State. This is supposed to be the Belgian idea of annoying England and making a good bargain at the same time. It is not very likely



TYPES OF FOREIGN ART: "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," BY FRÉMIET.



A NEW HONORARY FOREIGN R.A.: LEON BONNAT.

that King Leopold found the Kaiser in the humour for such an enterprise. Germany is not exactly in love with Africa just now. She has a native rising on her hands, and the German garrisons in South-West Africa are in grave peril. The Free State is a good property, but King Leopold's right to sell it is at least open to question. The Powers who made it over to him for administration have a much better right to eject his authority. In any case, both England and France would object to the transfer of the Congo State to Germany, and in the teeth of their opposition it could not be effected. It is probable that King Leopold took the opportunity in Berlin of painting his agents on the Congo as injured innocents, who are the victims of British perfidy. German sympathies are already inclined to take that line for political reasons. There is abundant and convincing proof, however, from perfectly unbiassed sources, of the grave abuses, and indeed positive atrocity, practised by the officials of the Congo State.



"SIBYLLA FATIDICA," BY HENRY A. PEGRAM.

THE ACADEMY ELECTION.

The result of the election to fill the three vacant posts at the Royal Academy is claimed as a victory for the advanced schools over the schools of tradition. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. Charles W. Furse, and Mr. H.



A NEW A.R.A.: HENRY A. PEGRAM.

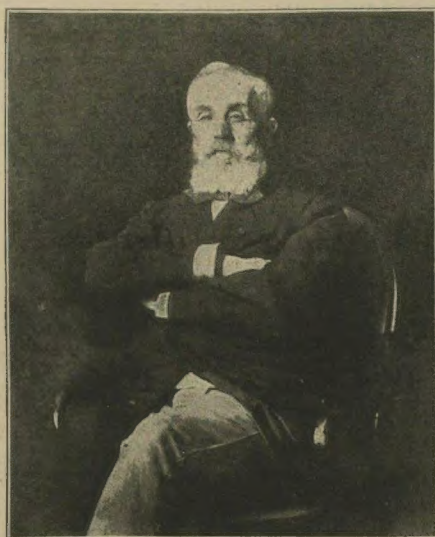


A NEW HONORARY FOREIGN R.A.: EMMANUEL FRÉMIET.



A NEW A.R.A.: FRANK BRANGWYN.

Pegram have certainly not won their new honours by pandering to the taste for morbid or sickly sentimentalism. The work of each of them is marked by a strong individuality foreign to many of those who have gone before them. Mr. Brangwyn, who was born at Bruges, entered the designing-rooms of William Morris and Co. at an early age, soon gave up his work there in favour of a sea-life, and after a short space again turned his attention seriously to art. A small landscape, "A Bit on the Esk," in 1885, first represented him on the walls of the Academy, but that his brief career as a sailor had influenced his work was soon apparent. "Water-logged," "The Burial at Sea," "Salvage," "A Trade on the Beach" (now in the Luxembourg), and "The Convict Ship" are but a few of the sea subjects that have come from his brush. His work as a decorator is widely known, and he is even now engaged on a



TYPES OF FOREIGN ART: BONNAT'S PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT LOUBET.

fresco, "Modern Commerce," for the Royal Exchange, and decorations in the Skinners' Hall.

Mr. Furse received his earliest art training under Professor Legros at the Slade School and in Paris. "Cain" was hung in the Academy in 1888, when the artist was twenty. His "Return from the Ride," portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Waterfield, was one of the successes of last year. His other works include "A Study in Blue," and portraits of the late Sir A. W. Blomfield, A.R.A., Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Justice Darling, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Robert Bridges.

Mr. Pegram studied at the West London School of Art, the Royal Academy Studios, and in Mr. Hamo

Thornycroft's studio. His first Academy success was with the group "Death Liberating a Prisoner," exhibited in 1888, and awarded a bronze medal at the Paris Exhibition in the following year. His best-known sculptures are perhaps "Ignis Fatuus," purchased by the Trustees, and now in the Tate Gallery; "Sibylla Fatidica," "Labour," "The Bather," and the bust of the late Cecil Rhodes for the City of London.

M. Léon Bonnat, honorary foreign Academician, was born at Bayonne in 1833, and studied at Madrid under Madrazo, and at Paris under Léon Cogniet, of whom he painted a portrait exhibited in the Salon some twenty years ago. For many years M. Bonnat has devoted himself to portrait-painting, and has recorded on canvas his impressions of Victor Hugo, Grévy, Jules Ferry, Thiers, Carnot, and many other notable Frenchmen. One of the strongest of his subject-pictures is "St. Vincent de Paul Taking the Place of a Convict."

M. Emmanuel Frémiet was born in Paris, and is a pupil of Rude. He has gained a great reputation as a modeller of the human figure and of animals. The "Fauns Playing with Bears' Whelps," now in the Luxembourg, and the Jeanne Darc statue in the Place des Pyramides, Paris, are two of the most notable examples of his art. M. Frémiet gained his first medal at the Salon in 1849, and the medal of honour in 1887, for a colossal group of a gorilla carrying off a woman.



TYPES OF FOREIGN ART: "ST. MICHAEL," BY FRÉMIET.

SOMALILAND.

It seems possible that we congratulated ourselves too soon upon the decisive nature of the recent successful action in

Somaliland. Although the victory cannot fail to have a salutary moral effect on the Mahdists, numerically it has not done them much damage. A large hail of cattle and sheep has also been made, but the Mullah



TYPES OF FOREIGN ART: "EAGLE AND HARE," BY BONNAT.

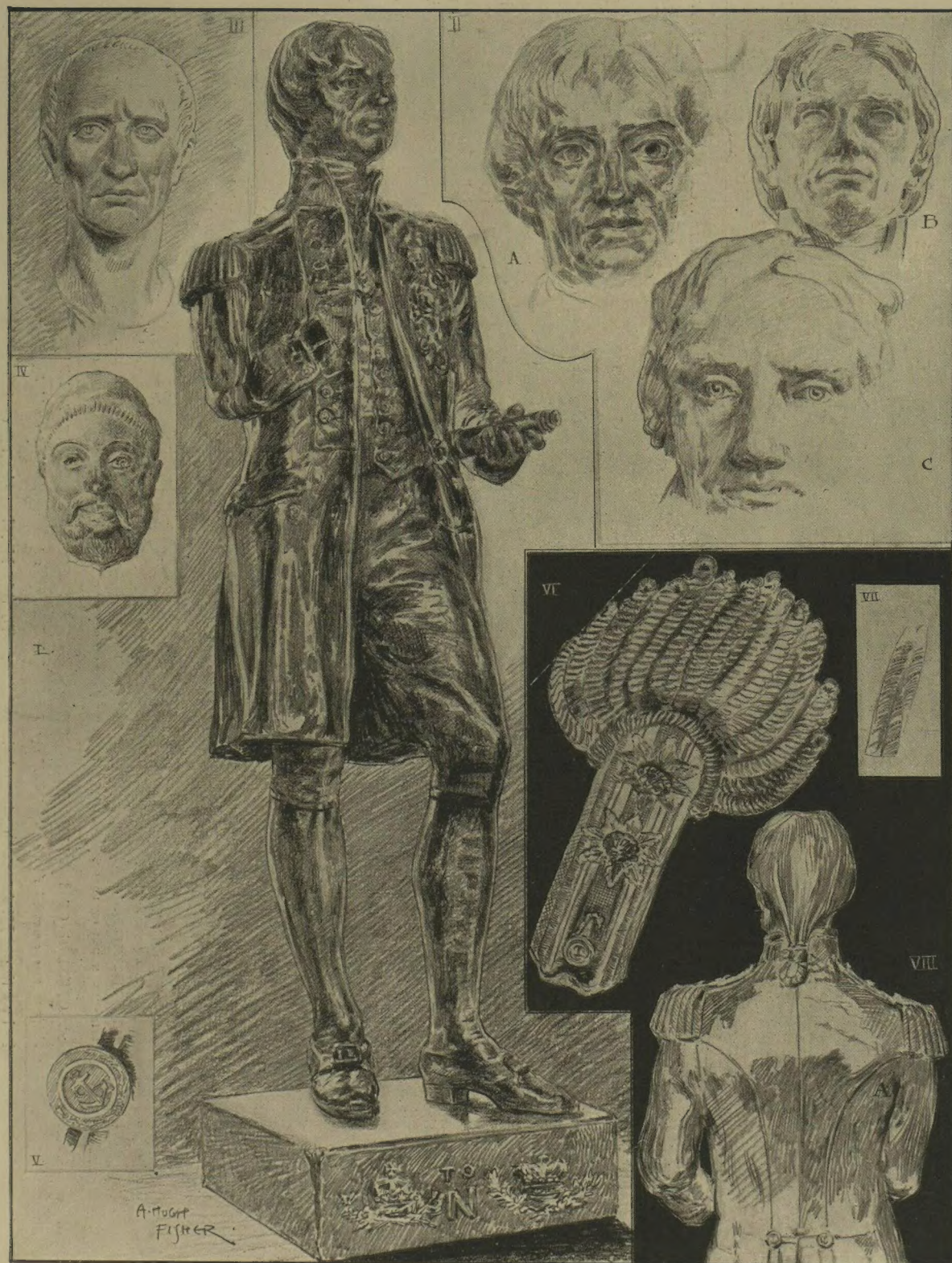
is said to have great reserves still in hand. Generals Fasken and Manning are moving to the north, and have located the Mullah in the Sol Valley, a desolate spot whither it will be difficult to follow him. Heat, lack of food, and bad water are telling severely upon the men and horses of Colonel Kenna's force.

THE GERMAN COLONIAL TROUBLE.

Brevity marks the reports from South-West Africa, but it is evident that the Germans are likely to taste to the full one of the inevitable disadvantages of Colonial Empire—rebellion. Okahandja is still invested, and men have been lost in sorties. On Jan. 27, at Omaruru, the Germans repulsed the enemy in force. Fears have been entertained for the safety of Colonel Leutwein, who was on his way to Windhoek, but the apprehensions are discounted in Berlin. A British firm of shipowners has offered, in view of the Herrero rising, to place steamers at the disposal



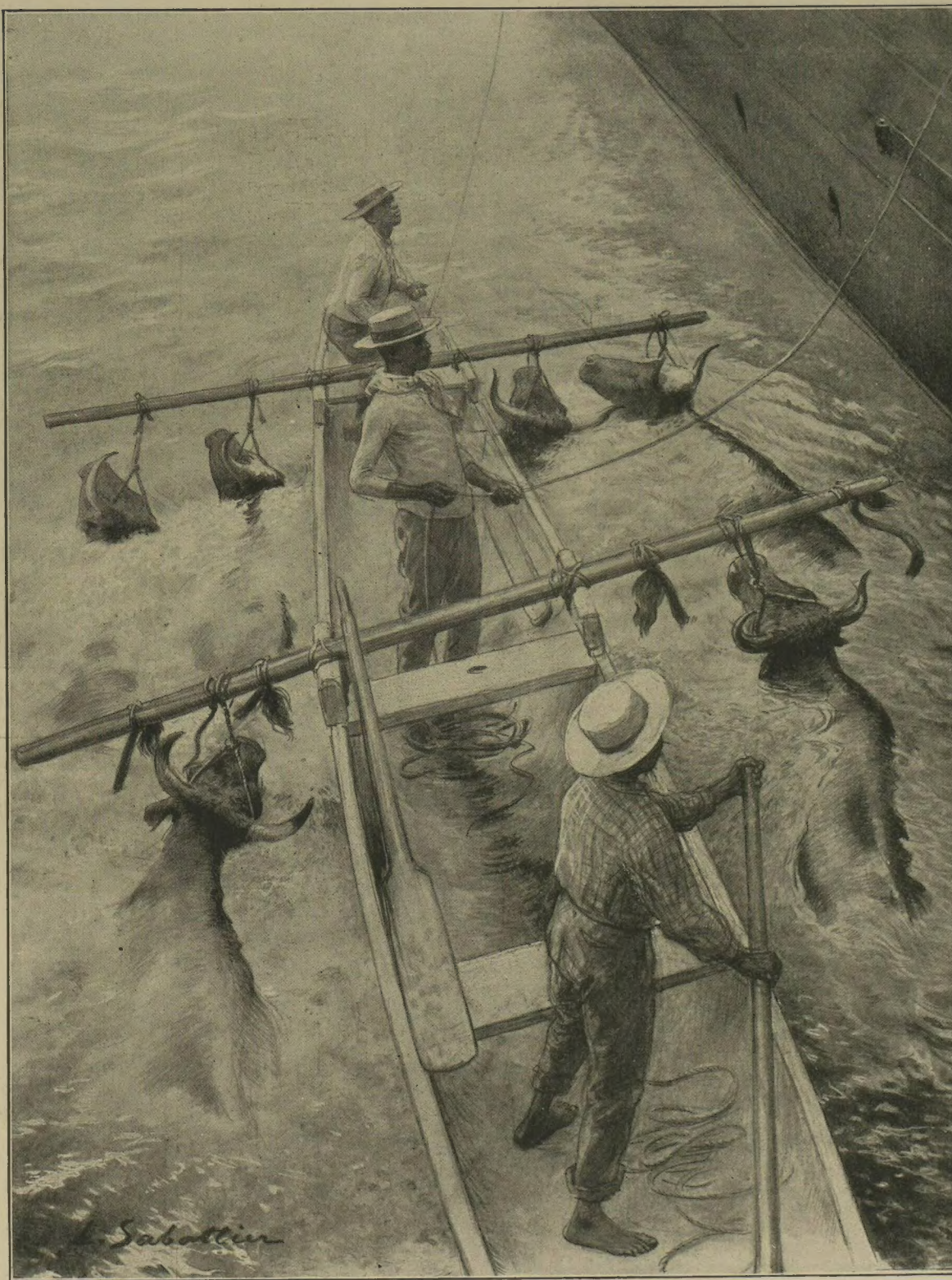
"PENSÉES," BY HENRY A. PEGRAM.



A FORGED STATUETTE OF NELSON, BOUGHT LAST YEAR FOR THE NATION BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

2. Silver Statuette at United Service Museum, believed to be a gift to Nelson from George III., now claimed by Mr. Garbe, the sculptor, as a cast taken from a recent model of his and altered without his knowledge. He points out that the base, bearing inscription "To N.," coronet, and crown have been added. Buttons and other details have been altered, and the forger has been at unnecessary pains to give one eye a blind look. [See 2 (A)]
3. Disproof of claim that carving of iris and pupil is modern: A Roman bust of Cæsar.
4. Further proof of the antiquity of the iris in ancient statuary: Greek method of representing eyes by inlay.
5. Forger's model for alteration of buttons: Button from Nelson's coat worn during his last service, 1803-1805.
6. Forger's model for epaulette: Epaulette from same coat.
7. Detail of epaulette on statuette, showing forger's tooling.
8. Back of statuette, showing clumsy seam-lines added to coat. (A) a hole proving cast hollow, and not solid as supposed.



SHIPPING CATTLE ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.

At Guayaquil, the natives engaged in cattle transport tie the beasts head and tail on each side of their boats, and make them thus swim down the Guaya River until they reach the steamer on which they are to be shipped. The men on board throw a lasso around the horns of the beasts, and hoist them on board by means of the steam-trolley. There is, along the Southern Pacific coast, between the 12th and 33rd degrees of latitude, an enormously long and barren territory, where rain is totally unknown. People in those countries would starve if there was not a constant supply of food coming from Peru, Ecuador, and Southern Chili. There is thus a lively trade going on at the ports of Pisagua, Iquique, Antofagasta, Talta, and Caldera; and a large number of steamers are plying between those ports. These boats are almost exclusively laden with vegetables, fresh food, and cattle. The natives attending to this shipping trade do their work in the roughest and rudest manner imaginable, and their methods certainly do little to improve the condition of the poor animals.

of the German Emperor, but the offer has been gracefully declined.

THE NEW ARMY BROOM.

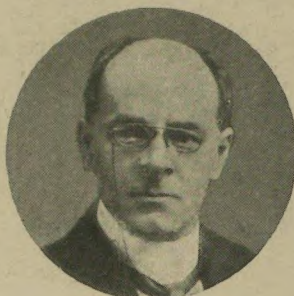
Once more we are confronted with a scheme for the better administration of the War Department, and Mr. Brodrick's much-vaunted Army Corps are to be consigned to limbo. Lord Esher's Committee, which has been sitting since the beginning of January, has now framed a scheme which contains the following recommendations: The abolition of the post of Commander-in-Chief; the appointment of an Inspector-General of the Forces; the creation of a permanent department to reinforce the Defence Committee; the appointment of an Army Council similar to the Board of Admiralty, and of a Selection Board to submit recommendations for all promotions above the rank of Captain, with the exception of officers of the General Staff. It is anticipated that there will be a clean sweep of officials at the War Office, but it is understood that Lord Roberts, who has still two years of his former appointment as Commander-in-Chief to run, will accept the office of Inspector-General. The work of inspecting the forces, which was really involved in the duties of Commander-in-Chief, has been, through pressure of office-work, unavoidably neglected. The Inspector-General, being freed from multifarious official details, will be enabled to give the country the benefit of his practical knowledge in the actual oversight of discipline and organisation. The chief reform is, of course, the appointment of the Defence Committee, which is to be presided over by the Prime Minister, and to advise both Services. This body will be composed of a permanent secretary, two naval officers chosen by the Admiralty, two military officers chosen by the War Office, two Indian officers nominated by the Viceroy, and one or more representatives of the Colonies. They will consider all questions of Imperial defence, collect information from all parts of the Empire, prepare documents, and keep records which will prevent any shuffling of responsibility. Lord Esher's Committee describes this General Staff as

MACEDONIAN REFORMS.

The Sultan of Turkey's attempt to lessen the effects of the scheme inaugurated by Russia and Austria at Mürzsteg has been vain, and it is reported that anxiety reigns at Yildiz Kiosk. The Memorandum of the Russian and Austrian Embassies rejects the Sublime Porte's reading of the demands relating to the gendarmerie and the means suggested for mitigating the distress in the vilayets. The plan is now to be put into execution, whatever the attitude of the Turks. A report that the Sultan, at the instance of Austria-Hungary, had



Photo. Barrand.
THE LATE REV. THE
EARL OF DEVON,
RECTOR OF POWDERHAM.



MR. JOSEPH DOBBIE,
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR THE AYR BURGHES.

consented to the construction of a network of railways in the western part of the Balkan Peninsula is denied.

YELLOW LABOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Public opinion in South Africa is disturbed by the decision of the Imperial Government to submit to the House of Commons the question of the introduction of Chinese labour, so earnestly desired by the Transvaal mine-owners. Correspondence between the Governor of Cape Colony and the Colonial Secretary has just been published. In August last, Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson

THE LATE EARL OF DEVON.

The Rev. Henry Hugh Courtenay, thirteenth Earl of Devon and a Baronet, who died on Jan. 29, was one of the few Lords Temporal. Born on July 15, 1811, he was the son of the tenth Earl and Lady Harriet Leslie, daughter of Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., and the Countess of Rothes, and succeeded to the Earldom on the death of his nephew in 1891. He was educated at Westminster and at Merton College, Oxford, and was ordained deacon and priest in 1835 and 1836. For ten years he held no cure, but in 1845 accepted the rectory of Mamhead, Devon, where he remained for thirty-two years. During that time he became Surrogate of the diocese of Exeter and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral. On relinquishing his post at Mamhead he accepted the rectory of Powderham, a parish of three hundred people that clusters round the castle of the Courtenay family. The late Lord Devon married Lady Anna Maria Leslie, sister of the fourteenth Earl of Rothes, in 1835, and is succeeded by his grandson, the Hon. Charles Pepys, Lord Courtenay, born in 1870.

THE NEW MEMBER FOR THE AYR BURGHES.

Mr. Joseph Dobbie, the new member for the Ayr Burghs, was born on June 9, 1862, and was educated at Ayr Academy and Edinburgh University. He is a solicitor before the Supreme Courts in Scotland, senior partner in the firm of Dalgleish and Dobbie, Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh, honorary secretary to the Scottish Small Holdings and Allotments Association, an authority on commercial and company law, and a member of the committee of the Cobden Club. His success transfers a seat to the Opposition. He had not contested an election before.

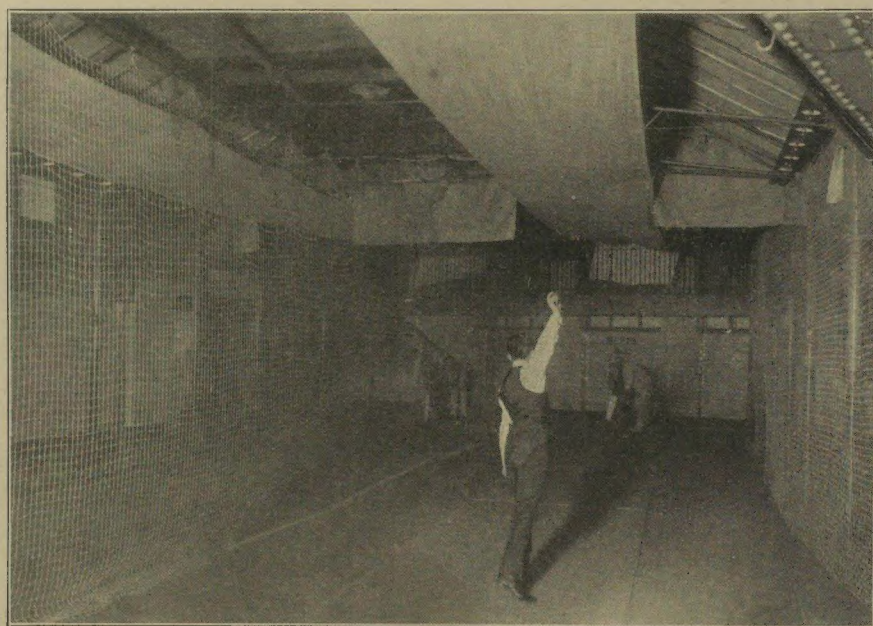
THE SAFETY OF AN AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The report that the East Africa Syndicate's prospecting expedition had been cut up by hostile Turkana is fortunately disproved by the receipt of a message stating that all was well with the party. This was dated Teti, in the



UP SNOWDON BY MOTOR: THE EXPLOIT OF MR. HARVEY DU CROS, JUNIOR.

Mr. Harvey Du Cros, on a 15-horse-power Ariel English-made car, successfully ascended the Snowdon Mountain Railway. The drive occupied two days.



A CRICKET-PITCH OVER A SWIMMING-BATH: A NEW DEVICE AT ST. BRIDE'S INSTITUTE.

St. Bride's players can never be at a loss to determine whether a man is out, for as soon as the wicket is struck, a bell rings.

"the corner-stone of the needed edifice of reform." The members of the new body will not be officers of high rank, and their appointment will be limited to two years. Thus there will be a regular infusion of new blood, and no chance for red tape to curl itself comfortably among the cobwebs.

PATERNAL RUSSIA.

There is no confirmation of the statement that the substance of the Russian Note has been communicated to the Japanese Government. Judging from the tone of the Russian Press and of the St. Petersburg correspondents who are on pleasant terms with the censorship, the Note will not prove conciliatory. We are told that it is "almost paternally worded," that it refuses guarantees, and intimates that Japan must be satisfied with a sphere of influence in Southern Korea, while Russia helps herself to the rest. It is said in St. Petersburg that Russia has treated Japan with "that unparalleled condescension which only a mighty and patient neighbour can afford to show to a weak and querulous adversary." The Japanese are credited with "the childish simplicity of the savage," and told that they are "masquerading as a civilised nation." That such language should be permitted by the Russian censorship while negotiations are still in progress is not an omen of peace. Meanwhile, it is instructive to read in the *Times* the unvarnished tale of Russian diplomacy in Manchuria. After that it would need a much greater stock of "childish simplicity" than the world possesses to believe any Russian assurances.

pointed out to Mr. Chamberlain that Ministers felt confident that in time the solution of the labour problem would be found in the civilisation of native races, and that to introduce Asiatic labour would simply prolong barbarism: further, that the importation of Asiatics would greatly hamper the policy of British South African federation, and the future of that portion of the Empire would be seriously imperilled. Another communication, dated Jan. 2, impressed on the Imperial Government the view set forth in the former message, and stated that nothing had occurred to cause South African

Dodoli country, Jan. 20, and expresses the hope that the explorers will reach Mumias, in Kavirondo, by the middle of February.

THE MOROCCAN PRETENDER.

Morocco is once more justifying its title as the land of rumours. The Moroccan Pretender is said not only to be dead, but to be buried in the gardens of the Kasbah of Taza; he is also reported to be seriously ill; and to be making preparations to leave Taza, in order that he may go to Ujda for the purpose of crushing the Mehallas.

THE NEW YORK COTTON CORNER.

Lancashire is threatened with a serious industrial crisis owing to the operations of speculators on the New York Cotton Exchange. On Feb. 1 business in Manchester was practically suspended owing to the enormous rise in prices consequent upon the news that nearly all the available supply of cotton had been "cornered." In New York the wildest fluctuations in prices prevailed during the morning, but the afternoon saw a steady rise, and cotton at twenty cents seemed a probability. No less than 800,000 bales are supposed to have changed hands during business hours, which is said to create a record in cotton transactions. There is a general impression abroad that high prices must continue in Lancashire for a considerable time—for as long, indeed, as that industrial centre is supplied solely from America.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
EARL FITZWILLIAM,
MOVER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. LAURENCE HARDY,
MOVER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

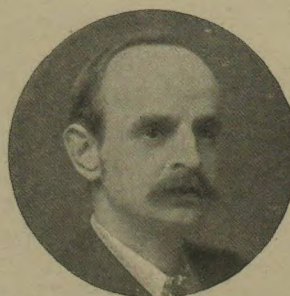
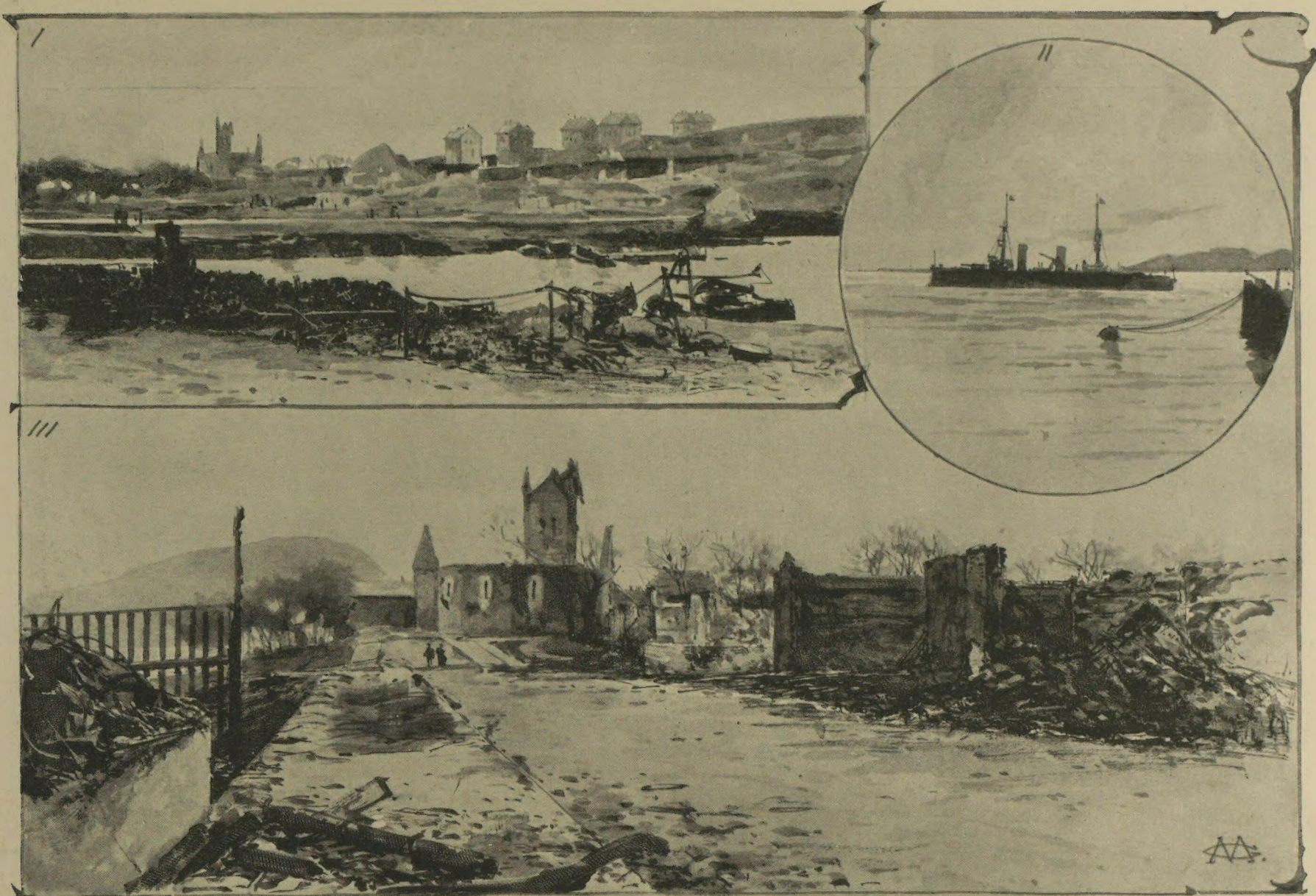


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. R. PLUMMER,
SECONDER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND A SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS.

The Address was seconded in the Upper House by Lord Hyllon, of whom no portrait could be obtained.

Ministers to alter their opinion. To this Mr. Lyttelton replied that the Transvaal must be allowed the same liberty in such matters as that of labour as is permitted to Natal and to Cape Colony. Unless, therefore, some distinct Imperial interest were concerned, it would be impossible for the Imperial Government to refuse to accede to the wishes of the Transvaal on a matter of paramount importance to its well-being and industrial development.



1. RUINS OF THE CHURCH AND INNER HARBOUR.

2. THE RELIEF-SHIP, "PRINCE HEINRICH," OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

3. RUINS OF THE CHURCH.

THE BURNING OF AALESUND: SCENES OF THE RUINED NORWEGIAN TOWN.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY F. R. SOULSBY, MASTER OF THE R.M.S. "SALMO."

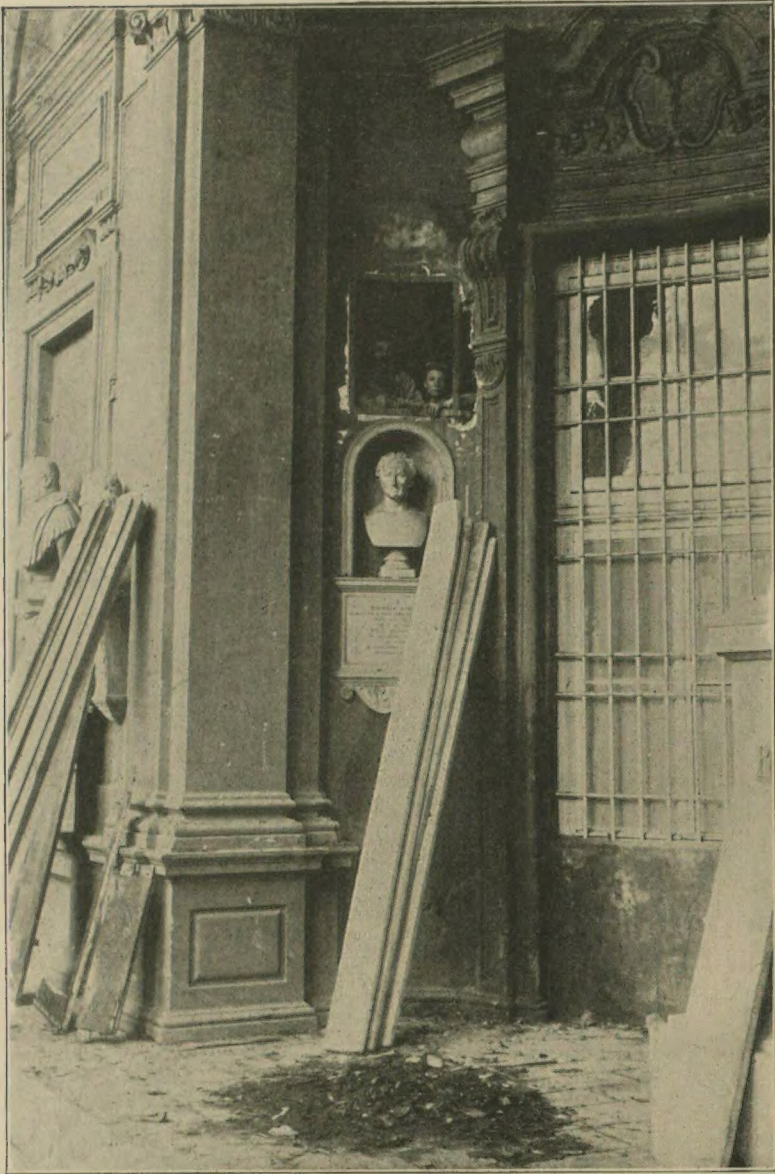


CHARITY AT COVENT GARDEN: THE COUNTESS OF DERBY'S BALL IN AID OF THE ROYAL WATERLOO HOSPITAL, FEBRUARY 2.

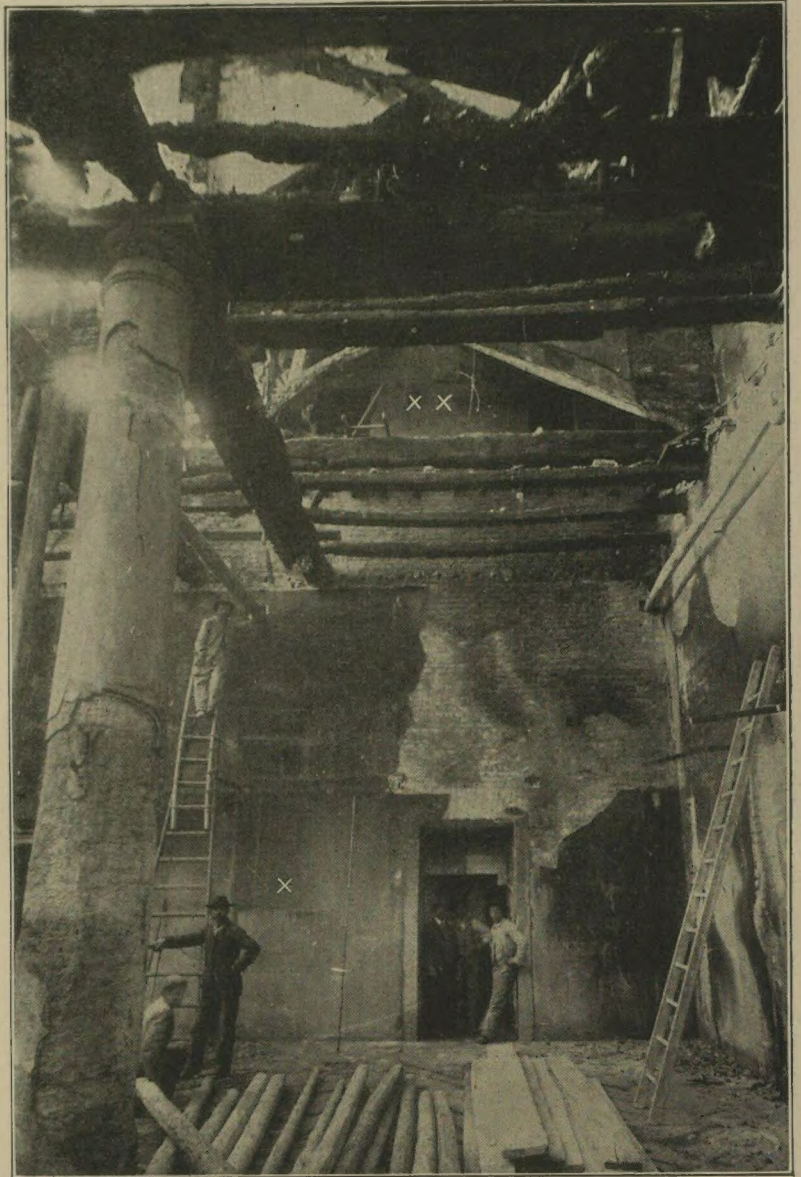
DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

The ball, which was held in aid of the funds for the rebuilding of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, was patronised by the leaders of Society. The scene was extremely brilliant, and not only did a gay assemblage throng the floor, but the boxes were filled with fashionable crowds.

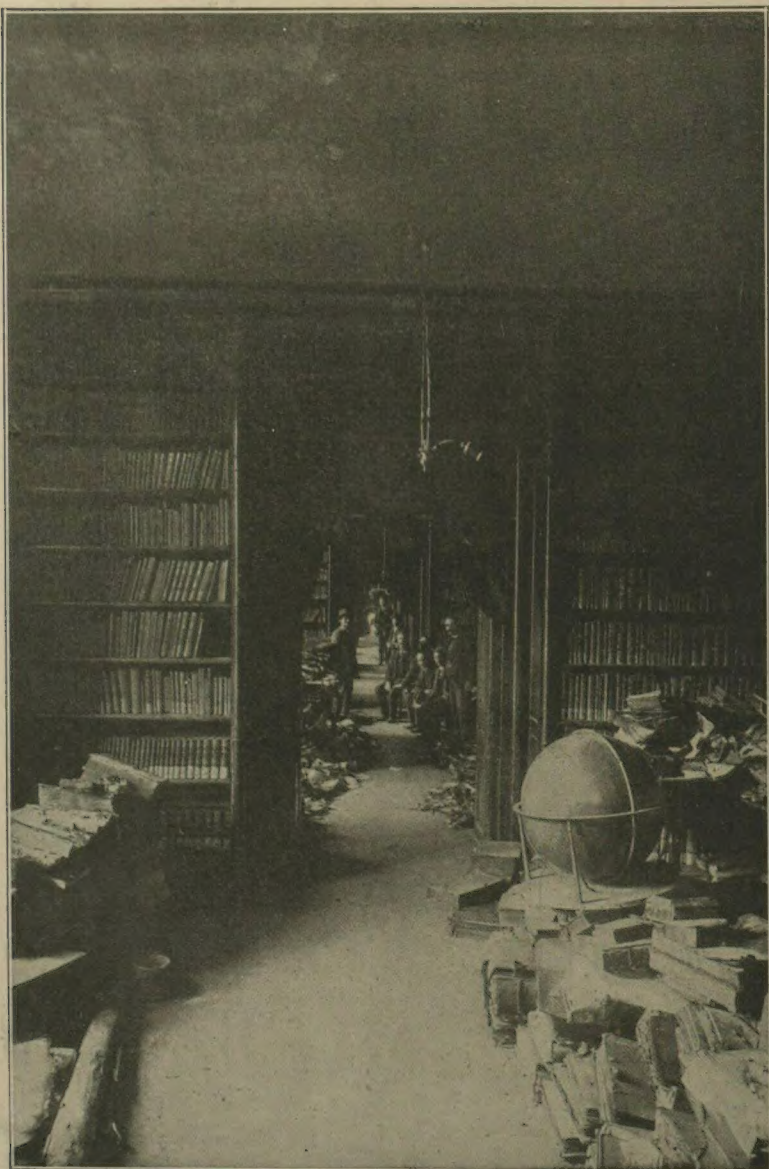
A LOST LIBRARY: THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT TURIN UNIVERSITY, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF MANY PRICELESS MSS., JANUARY 26.



A WAY OF ESCAPE: THE GRATED WINDOWS THROUGH WHICH A FEW MSS. WERE GOT OUT UNDAUNAGED DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.



THE RUIN OF THE CHIEF TREASURE-HOUSE: THE MOST PRECIOUS MSS. ROOM. The cross marks the place where the Duc de Berry's famous illuminated MS. "Les Heures de Turin" (now destroyed) was kept. It was valued at £4000. The two crosses above mark the attendants' bedrooms.



SALVAGE: THE ROOM ADJOINING THE MS. DEPARTMENT, STILL INTACT. Showing the books in piles, and the famous damascened steel globe wrought by Francesco of Milan in 1570.



WRECKAGE OF LITERARY TREASURE: ONE OF THE ROOMS OF THE TURIN LIBRARY AFTER THE FIRE. About one hundred thousand volumes in all perished in the flames.

A PILGRIM SERENADE IN PICTURESQUE JAPAN.

DRAWN BY F. HOHENBERGER.



F.H. NIKKO

F. HOHENBERGER

PILGRIM MINSTRELS IN NIKKO.

These pilgrims are bound by a vow to a life of wandering throughout the holy cities of Japan. They support themselves by playing on the flute and samisen. Note the curious thick veil suspended from a beehive-shaped head-dress.



The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. * Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER. XI.

A BEGINNING.

There may be some who refuse to take seriously a person like Albert de Chantonay, because forsooth he happened to possess a sense of the picturesque. There are, as a matter of fact, millions of sensible persons in the British Isles who fail completely to understand the average Frenchman. To the English comprehension it is, for instance, surprising that in time of stress—when Paris was besieged by a German army—a hundred franc-tireur corps should spring into existence, who gravely decked themselves in sombreros and red waist-cloths, and called themselves the “Companions of Death,” or some clap-trap title of a similar sound. Nevertheless, these Companions of Death fought at Orleans as few have fought since man walked this earth, and died as bravely as any in a Government uniform. Even the stolid German foe forgot at last to laugh at the sombrero worn in midwinter.

It is useless to dub a Frenchman unreal and theatrical when he gaily carries his unreality and his perception of the dramatic to the lucarne of the guillotine and meets imperturbably the most real thing on earth, Death.

Albert de Chantonay was a good Royalist—a better Royalist, as many were in France at this time, than the King—and perhaps he carried his loyalty to the point that is reached by the best form of flattery.

Let it be remembered that when, on the 3rd of May, 1814, Louis XVIII. was reinstated, not by his own influence or exertions, but by the allied Sovereigns who had overthrown Napoleon, he began at once to issue declarations and decrees as of the nineteenth year of his reign, ignoring the Revolution and Napoleon. Did this Bourbon really take himself seriously? Did he really expect the world to overlook Napoleon, or did he know, as all the world knows to-day, that long after the Bourbons have sunk into oblivion the name of Napoleon will continue to be a household word?

If a situation is thus envisaged by a King, what may the wise expect from a Royalist?

In the absence of the Marquis de Gemosac, Albert de Chantonay was considered to be the leader of the party in that quiet corner of South-Western France which lies north of Bordeaux and south of that great dividing river, the Loire. He was, moreover, looked upon as representing that younger blood of France, to which must be confided the hopes and endeavours of the men, now passing away one by one, who had fought and suffered for their Kings.

It was confidently whispered throughout this pastoral country that august persons living in exile in England

and elsewhere were in familiar and confidential correspondence with the Marquis de Gemosac, and in a minor degree with Albert de Chantonay. For Kings, and especially deposed Kings, may not be choosers, but must take the instrument that comes to hand. A constitutional monarch is, by the way, better placed in this respect, for it is his people who push the instrument into his grasp, and in the long run the people nearly always read a man aright, despite the efforts of a cheap Press to lead them astray.

“If it were not written in the Marquis’s own writing I could not have believed it,” said Albert de Chantonay, speaking aloud his own thoughts. He turned the letter this way and that, examining first the back of it and then the front.

“It has not been through the post,” he said to the Abbé, who stood respectfully watching his face, which indeed inspired little confidence, for the chin receded in the wrong way—not like the chin of a shark, which indicates not foolishness, but greed of gain—and the eyes were large and pale like those of a sheep.

“Oh, Heaven forbid!” cried the Abbé, “such a letter as that. Where should we all be if it were read by the Government? And all know that letters passing through the post to the address of such as Monsieur Albert are read in passing—by the Prince President himself as likely as not.”

Albert gave a short derisive laugh and shrugged his shoulders, which made his admiring mother throw back her head with a gesture inviting the Abbé to contemplate with satisfaction the mother of so brave a man.

“Voilà!” she said. “But tell us, my son, what is in the letter?”

“Not yet,” was the reply. “It is to be read to all when they are assembled. In the meantime—”

He did not finish the sentence in words, but by gesture conveyed that the missive, now folded and placed in his breast-pocket, was only to be obtained bespattered with his life’s blood. And the Abbé wiped his clammy brow with some satisfaction that it should be thus removed from his own timorous custody.

Albert de Chantonay was looking expectantly at the door, for he had heard footsteps; and now he bowed gravely to a very old gentleman, a notary of the town, who entered the room with a deep obeisance to the Comtesse. Close on the notary’s heels came others. Some were in riding costume, and came from a distance.

One sprightly lady wore evening dress only partially concealed by a cloak. She hurried in with a nod for Albert de Chantonay and a kiss for the Comtesse. Her presence had the immediate effect of imparting an air of practical commonsense energy to the assembly which it had hitherto lacked. There was nothing of the old régime in this lady, who seemed to override etiquette and cheerfully ignore the dramatic side of the proceedings.

“Is it not wonderful?” she whispered aloud, after the manner of any modern lady at one of those public meetings in which they take so large a part with so small a result in these later days. “Is it not wonderful?” And her French, though pure enough, was full and round—the French of an English tongue. “I have had a long letter from Dormer telling me all about it. Oh—” and she broke off, silenced by the dark frown of Albert de Chantonay, to which

her attention had been forcibly directed by his mother. “I have been dining with Madame de Rathe,” she went on irrepressibly, changing the subject in obedience to Albert de Chantonay’s frown. “The Vicomtesse bids me make her excuses. She feared an indigestion, so will be absent to-night.”

“Ah!” returned the Comtesse de Chantonay. “It is not that. I happen to know that the Vicomtesse de Rathe has the digestion of a schoolboy. It is because she has no confidence in Albert. But we shall see—we shall see. It is not for the nobility of Louis Philippe to—to have a poor digestion.”

And the Comtesse de Chantonay made a gesture and a meaning grimace which would have been alarming enough had her hand and face been less dimpled with good-nature.

There were now assembled about a dozen persons, and the Abbé was kept in countenance by two others of his cloth. There were several ladies; one of whom was young and plain, and seemed to watch Albert de Chantonay with a timid awe. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, seated next to the Comtesse de Chantonay, was the only lady who made any attempt at gay apparel, and thus stood rather conspicuous among her companions, clad in sober and somewhat rusty black. All over the West of France such meetings of the penniless Royalists were being held at this time, not, it has been averred, without the knowledge of the Prince President, who has been credited with the courage to treat the matter with contempt. About no monarch living or dead, however, have so many lies been written, by friend or foe, with good or ill intent, as about him who subsequently carried out the astounding feat of climbing to the throne of France as Napoleon III. And it seems certain that he has been given credit for knowing much of which he must have been ignorant, to an extent hardly credible, even now, in face of subsequent events.

The Comtesse de Chantonay was still tossing her head at intervals at the recollection of the Vicomtesse de Rathe’s indigestion. This was only typical of the feelings that divided every camp in France at this time—at any time, indeed, since the days of Charlemagne: for the French must always quarrel among themselves until they are actually on the brink of national catastrophe. And even when they are fallen into that pit they will quarrel at the bottom and bespatter each other with the mud that is there.

“Are we all here?” asked Albert de Chantonay, standing in an effective attitude at the end of the table with his hand on the back of his chair. He counted the number of his fellow conspirators and then sat down, drawing forward a candelabrum.

“You have been summoned in haste,” he said, “by the request of the Marquis de Gemosac to listen to the perusal of a letter of importance. It may be of the utmost importance to us—to France—to all the world.”

He drew the letter from his pocket and opened it amid a breathless silence. His listeners noted the care with which he attended to gesture and demeanour, and accounted it to him for righteousness; for they were French. An English audience would have thought him insincere, and they would have been wrong.

"The letter is dated from a place called Farlingford, in England. I have never heard of it. It is nowhere near to Twickenham or Claremont, nor is it in Buckinghamshire. The rest of England—no one knows."

Albert paused and held up one hand for silence.

"At last," he read, "at last, my friends, after a lifetime of fruitless search, it seems that I have found—through the good offices of Dormer Colville—not the man we have sought, but his son. We have long suspected that Louis XVII. must be dead. Madame herself, in her exile at Frohsdorf, has admitted to her intimates that she no longer hoped. But here, in the full vigour of youth—a sailor, strong and healthy, living a simple life on shore as on sea—I have found a man whose face, whose form and manner, would clearly show to the most incredulous that he could be no other than the son of Louis XVII. A hundred tricks of manner and gesture he has inherited from the father he scarce remembers, from the grandfather who perished on the guillotine many years before he himself was born. No small proof of the man's sincerity is the fact that only now, after long persuasion, has he consented to place himself in our hands. I thought of hurrying at once to Frohsdorf, to present to the aged Duchess a youth whom she cannot fail to recognise as her nephew. But better counsels have prevailed. Dormer Colville, to whom we owe so much, has placed us in his further debt for a piece of sage advice. 'Wait,' he advises, 'until the young man has learnt what is expected of him, until he has made the personal

fair skin of the little prisoner in the Temple. There are dates which go to prove that this boy's father was rescued from a sinking fishing-boat near Dieppe, a few days after the little Dauphin was known to have escaped from the Temple and to have been hurried to the north coast disguised as a girl. This is evidence, which Monsieur Colville is now patiently gathering from these slow-speaking people, that the woman who was rescued with this child was not his mother. And there are a hundred details known to the villagers here which go to prove what we have always suspected to be the case—namely, that Louis XVII. was rescued from the Temple by the daring and ingenuity of a devoted few, who so jealously guarded their secret that they frustrated their own object; for they one and all must have perished on the guillotine or at the hands of some other assassin without divulging their knowledge; and in the confusion and horror of those days the little Dauphin was lost to sight.

"There is a trinket, a locket containing a miniature, which I am assured is a portrait of Marie Antoinette. This locket is in the possession of Dormer Colville, who suggests that we should refrain from using violence to open it until this can be done in France in the presence of suitable witnesses. A fall or some mishap has so crushed the locket that it can only be opened by a jeweller provided with suitable instruments. It has remained closed for nearly a quarter of a century, but a reliable witness, in whose possession it has been since he who was undoubtedly Louis XVII. died in his arms, remembers the portrait and has no doubt of its authenticity. I have told you enough to make it clear to you that my search is at last ended. What we require now is money to enable us to bring this King of France to his own; to bring him, in the first place, to my humble Château of Gemosac, where he can lie hidden

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECRET OF GEMOSAC.

There is no sentiment so artificial as international hatred. In olden days it owed its existence to Churchmen, and now an irresponsible Press foments that dormant antagonism. Wherever French and English individuals are thrown together by a common endeavour both are surprised at the mutual esteem which soon develops into friendship. But as nations we are no nearer than we were in the great days of Napoleon.

Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence was only one quarter French and three-quarters English. Her grandmother had been a St. Pierre; but it was not from that lady that she inherited a certain open-handedness which took her French friends by surprise.

"It is not that she has the cause at heart," commented Madame de Chantonay, as she walked laboriously on Albert's arm down the ramp of the Château de Gemosac at the termination of the meeting. "It is not for that that she throws her note of a thousand francs upon the table and promises more when things are in train. It is because she can refuse nothing to Dormer Colville. *Allez*, my son! I have a woman's heart! I know!"

Albert contented himself with a sardonic laugh. He was not in the humour to talk of women's hearts; for Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's action had struck a sudden note of British realism into the harmony of his political fancies. He had talked so much, had listened to so much talk from others, that the dream of a restored Monarchy had at last been raised to those far realms of the barely possible in which the Gallic fancy wanders in moments of facile digestion.

It was sufficient for the emergency that the others present at the meeting could explain that one does



"I am only an Englishwoman," she said simply; "but I can help."

acquaintance of his supporters. Reserve until the end the presentation to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, which must only be made when all the Royalists in France are ready to act with a unanimity which will be absolute and an energy which must prove irresistible."

"There are more material proofs than a face so strongly resembling that of Louis XVI. and Monsieur d'Artois in their early manhood as to take the breath away; than a vivacity inherited from his grandmother, together with an independence of spirit and impatience of restraint; than the slight graceful form, blue eyes, and

until all arrangements are made. I leave it to you, my dear Albert, to collect this preliminary sum."

De Chantonay folded the letter and looked at the faces surrounding the dimly lighted table.

Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, who must have known the contents of the letter and therefore came provided, leant across the table with a discreet clink of jewellery and laid before Albert de Chantonay a note for a thousand francs.

"I am only an Englishwoman," she said simply; "but I can help."

not carry money in one's pocket in a country lane at night. But in their hearts all were conscious of a slight feeling of resentment towards Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, of a vague sense of disappointment such as a dreamer may experience on being roughly awakened.

The three priests folded their hands with complacency. Poverty, their most cherished possession, spoke for itself in their case. The notary blinked and fumbled at his lips with yellow fingers in hasty thought. He was a Royalist notary because there existed in the country of the Deux-Sèvres a Royalist *clientèle*. In

France, even a washerwoman must hold political views, and stand or fall by them. It was astounding how poor everyone felt at that moment, and it rested, as usual, with a woman's intuition to grasp the only rope within reach. "The vintage," this lady murmured. The vintage promised to be a bad one. Nothing, assuredly, could be undertaken, and no promise made until the vintage was over.

So the meeting broke up without romance, and the conspirators dispersed to their homes, carrying in their minds that mutual distrust which is ever awakened in human hearts by the chink of gold, while the dormant national readiness to detect betrayal by England was suddenly wideawake.

Nevertheless, Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence had supplied the one ingredient necessary to leaven the talk of these dreamers into action. Even the notary found himself compelled to contribute when Albert de Chantonay asked him outright for a subscription. And the priests, ably led by the Abbé Touvent, acted after the manner of the sons of Levi since olden times. They did not give themselves, but they told others to give, which is far better.

In due course the money was sent to England. It was the plain truth that the Marquis de Gemosac had not sufficient in his pocket to equip Loo Barebone with the clothes necessary to a seemly appearance in France; or, indeed, to cover the expense of the journey thither. Dormer Colville never had money to spare. "Heaven shaped me for a rich man," he would say lightly whenever the momentous subject was broached, "but forgot to fill my pockets."

It was almost the time of the vintage, and the country roads were dotted with the shambling figures of those knights of industry who seem to spring from the hedge-rows at harvest-time in any country in the world, when the Abbé Touvent sought out Marie in her cottage at the gates of the château.

"*À la cave,*" answered the lady's voice. "In the cellar—do you not know that it is Monday and I wash?"

The Abbé did not repeat his summons on the kitchen-table with the handle of his stick, but drew forward a chair.

"I know it is very hot and that I am tired," he shouted towards the cellar door, which stood open, giving egress to a warm smell of soap.

"Precisely—and does Monsieur l'Abbé want me to come up as I am?"

The suggestion was darkly threatening, and the Abbé replied that Marie must take her time, since it was washing-day.

The cottage was built on sloping ground at the gate of the château, probably of the stones used for some earlier fortification. That which Marie called the cellar was but half underground, and had an exit to the garden, which grew to the edge of the cliff. It was not long before she appeared at the head of the stone steps—a square-built woman with a face that had been sunburnt long ago by work in the vineyards, and eyes looking straight at the world from beneath a square and wrinkled forehead.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," she said shortly, a salutation and a comment in one; for it conveyed the fact that she saw it was he and perceived that he was in his usual health. "It is news from Monsieur, I suppose?" she added, slowly turning down her sleeves.

"Yes, the Marquis writes that he is on his way to Gemosac, and wishes you to prepare the château for his return."

The Abbé waved his hand towards the castle gates with an air suggestive of retainers and lackeys, of busy stables and a hundred windows lighted after dark. His round eyes did not meet the direct glance fixed on his face, but wandered from one object to another in the room, finally lighting on the great key of the château gate, which hung on a nail behind the door.

"Then Monsieur le Marquis is coming into residence?" said Marie gravely.

And by way of reply the Abbé waved his hand a second time towards the castle walls.

"And the worst of it is," he added timidly to this silent admission, "that he brings a guest."

He moistened his fat lips and sat smiling in a foolish way at the open door; for he was afraid of all women, and most afraid of Marie.

"Ah!" she retorted shortly. "To sleep in the oubliette, one may suppose. For there is no other bed in the château, as you quite well know, Monsieur l'Abbé. It is another of your Kings, no doubt. Oh, you need not hold up your hands—when Monsieur Albert reads aloud that letter from Monsieur le Marquis in England without so much as closing the door of the banquet hall! It is as well that it was no other than I who stood on the stairs outside and heard all."

"But it is wrong to listen behind doors," protested the Abbé.

"Ah, bah!" replied this unegenerate sheep of his flock. "But do not alarm yourself, Monsieur l'Abbé; I can keep a quiet tongue. And a political secret—what is it? It is an amusement for the rich—your politics—but a vice for the poor. Come, let us go to the château while there is still day, and you can see for yourself whether we are ready for a guest."

While she spoke she hastily completed a toilette which, despite the Abbé's caution, had the appearance of incompleteness, and taking the key from behind the door, led the way out into the glare of the setting sun. She unlocked the great gate and threw her weight against it with quick, firm movements, like the movements of a man. Indeed, she was a better man than her companion; of a stronger commonsense, with lither limbs and a stouter heart; the best man that France has latterly produced, and, so far as the student of racial degeneration may foretell, will ever produce again—her middle-class woman.



The Abbé was naïvely looking for a peep-hole between the timbers of the huge doors.

Built close against the flanking tower on the left hand of the courtyard was a low square house of two storeys only. The whole ground-floor was stabling—room and to spare for half a hundred horses, and filled frequently enough, no doubt, in the great days of the Great Henry. On the first-floor, to which three or four staircases gave access, there were plenty of apartments—indeed, suites of them. But nearly all stood empty, and the row of windows looked blank and curtainless across the crumbling garden to the Italian house.

It was one of the many tragedies of that smiling, sunny land, where only man, it seems, is vile; for Nature has enclosed within its frontier-lines all the varied wealth and beauty of her treasures.

Marie led the way up the first staircase, which was straight and narrow. The carpet, carefully rolled and laid aside on the landing, was threadbare and colourless; the muslin curtains, folded back and pinned together, were darned and yellow with frequent washing and the rust of ancient damp. She opened the door of the first room at the head of the stairs. It had once been the apartment of some servitor; now it contained furniture of the gorgeous days of Louis XIV., with all the colour gone from its tapestry, all the wood-work grey and worm-eaten.

"Not that one," said Marie, as the Abbé struggled with the lever that fastened the window. "That one has not been opened for many years. See! the glass rattles in the frame. It is the other that opens."

Without comment the Abbé opened the other window and threw back the shutters, from which all the paint had peeled away, and let in the scented air. Mignonette close at hand—which had bloomed and died, and cast its seed amid the old walls and falling stones since Marie Antoinette had taught the women of France to take an interest in their gardens; and from the great plains beyond, flat and fat, carefully laid there by the Garonne to give the world its finest wines, rose up the subtle scent of vines in bloom.

"The drawing-room," said Marie, and making a mock-curtsey towards the door which stood open to the dim stairs, she made a grand gesture with her hand, still red and wrinkled from the wash-tub. "Will the King of France be pleased to enter and seat himself? There are three chairs, but one of them is broken, so his Majesty's suite must stand."

With a strident laugh, she passed on to the next room through folding doors.

"The principal room," she announced, with that hard irony in her voice which had no doubt penetrated thither from the soul of a mother who had played no small part in the Revolution. "The guest-chamber, one may say, provided that Monsieur le Marquis will sleep on the floor in the drawing-room, or in the straw down below in the stable."

The Abbé threw open the shutter of this room also, and stood meekly eyeing Marie with a tolerant smile. The room was almost bare of furniture: a bed such as peasants sleep on, a few chairs, a dressing-table tottering against the window-breast, and, modestly screened in one corner, the diminutive washing-stand still used in Southern France. For Gemosac had been sacked and the furniture built up into a bonfire when Marie was a little child and the Abbé Touvent a fat-faced, timorous boy at the Seminary of Saintes.

"Beyond is Mademoiselle's room," concluded Marie curtly. She looked round her and shrugged her shoulders with a grim laugh which made the Abbé shrink. They looked at each other in silence, the two participants in the secret of Gemosac; for Marie's husband, the third who had access to the château, did not count. He was a shambling, silent man, now working in the vineyard beneath the walls. He always did what his wife told him without comment or enthusiasm, knowing well that he would be blamed for doing it badly.

The Abbé had visited the rooms once before, during a brief passage of the Marquis soon after his wife's death in Paris. But, as a rule, only Marie and Jean had access to the apartment. He looked round with an eye always ready with the tear of sympathy; for he was a soft-hearted man. Then he looked at Marie again shamefacedly. But she, divining his thoughts, shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, bah!" she said; "one must take the world as it is. And Monsieur le Marquis is only a man. One sees that when he announces his return on washing-day and brings a guest. You must write to him, that is all, and tell him that with time I can arrange, but not in a hurry like this. Where is the furniture to come from? A chair or two from the Banquet Hall:

I can lend a bed, which Jean can carry in after dark so that no one knows; you have the jug and basin you bought when the Bishop came, that you must lend—" she broke off and ran to the window. "Ah!" she cried in a despairing voice, "I hear a carriage coming up the hill. Run, Monsieur l'Abbé—run to the gate and bolt it. Guest or no guest, they cannot see the rooms like this. Here, let me past."

She pushed him unceremoniously aside at the head of the stairs and ran past him. Long concealment of the deadly poverty within the walls had taught her to close the gates behind her whenever she entered; but now, for security or to gain time, she swung the great oaken beam round on its pivot across the doors on the inside. Then, turning on her heels, she watched the bell that hung above her head. The Abbé, who had followed her as quickly as he could, was naïvely looking for a peep-hole between the timbers of the huge doors.

A minute later the bell swung slowly and gave a single clang which echoed beneath the vaulted roof and in the hollow of the empty towers on either side.

"Marie, Marie!" cried a gay girlish voice from without. "Open at once. It is I."

"There," said Marie in a whisper. "It is Mademoiselle, who has returned from the good Sisters. And the story that you told of the fever at Saintes is true."

(To be continued.)

GRENADIERS OF YORE: THE POWDER OF PEACE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



SOAPING THE LINE: THE WHOLESALE TOILET OF THE MAIN-GUARD.

During the time a guard is mounted the men must not leave the guard-house except for their posts, and in the old days of powder and queue, when smartness was more d to attain than it is to-day, the barber attended the sentinels as they awaited their turn to go on duty. The hair-ribbons were the care of the drummer-boy.

A BRAZILIAN NIAGARA: THE FALLS OF IGUAZÚ.

Drawn by A. HUGH FISHER from PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY W. S. BACCHAY.



1. THE BRAZILIAN FALLS ABOVE THE CENTRAL PIT, SHOWING HOW THE RIVER IS EATING ITS WAY BACK THROUGH THE CLIFF.
2. A PART OF THE ARGENTINE HORSESHOE, TAKEN AT EXTREME LOW WATER.
3. ARGENTINE HORSESHOE, FROM THE BRAZILIAN BANK.

4. A PANORAMA OF THE BRAZILIAN PIT AND CENTRAL PLATEAU FALLS FROM THE BRAZILIAN SHORE.
5. PANORAMA OF THE UPPER HALF OF THE BRAZILIAN PIT FROM SECOND PLATFORM.

The Falls of Iguazú lie on the boundary between Argentina and Brazil. At this point the Iguazú River discharges itself into a long narrow gorge whence the waters make a clear leap of 210 feet. This first leap, however, does not exhaust all the volume of the river. Surplus currents, after pouring past numerous small islets, descend in two leaps of 100 feet each in the semicircle known as the Argentine Falls. In this they resemble Niagara.

THE REVIVAL OF WRESTLING: AN EXCITING MODERN CONTEST.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 6, 1904, 191

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN "THE TERRIBLE TURK" AND "THE RUSSIAN LION" AT OLYMPIA: MADRALI THROWN BY HACKENSCHMIDT AFTER FORTY SECONDS.

Ahmed Madrali, the Sultan's favourite wrestler, met Georges Hackenschmidt, the Russian champion, in a match in the Greco-Roman style on January 30. The stakes were £100 a-side and a purse of £50 offered by the National Sports Syndicate of Olympia. Although Madrali is the "catch-as-catch-can" champion, he consented to encounter Hackenschmidt in the Greco-Roman style. The Turk, who was seized by the Russian with extraordinary suddenness, was thrown in the first fall, and had his arm dislocated. About ten thousand spectators watched the match. Madrali expects to wrestle again in three or four months.

THE GERMANS' COLONIAL DIFFICULTY: SCENES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICT
OF SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.



IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: A DETACHMENT OF COLONIAL TROOPS ON THE MARCH THROUGH HEAVY COUNTRY.
DRAWN BY O. GERLACH FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE GERMAN COLONIAL CONTINGENT.



THE HERRERO RISING: A REVIEW OF GERMAN COLONIAL TROOPS AT WINDHOEK, NOW BELEAGUERED BY THE REBELS.
DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.
Windhoek, which is Dutch for "Windy Corner," has, as already reported, been invested by several thousand rebels, but all is said to be well within.

THE NEW PROCESSIONAL ROUTE: THE FIRST STATE PAGEANT IN THE REMODELLED MALL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 6, 1901. 193

THE KING, ON HIS WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT, PASSING DOWN THE NEW VISTA FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FEBRUARY 2.

The Queen Victoria Memorial, now in progress, includes, besides the colonnades which are to encircle her late Majesty's statue in front of Buckingham Palace, a splendid processional route, formed by the widening of the Mall. This was far enough advanced to be used for the King's procession to Westminster on February 2; but the pageantry was marred by the rain.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING, FEBRUARY 2: THE SCENE FROM THE PELE-ESSES' GALLERY
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DRAWN BY J. B. H.

THE KING'S FOURTH STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, FEBRUARY 2.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CRAVER; CENTRAL DRAWING BY G. MONTBARD.



FAMOUS BRITISH HUNTS.—No. VII.: A DAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY FOXHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



1. THE MASTER: LORD ANNALY.
5. ON THE SCENT.

2. THE HUNTSMAN: J. ISAAC.
6. ON THE HIGH ROAD.

3. THE HOUNDS AT CRICK VILLAGE.
7. HOUNDS GOING INTO COVERT.

4. A MEET.
8. ON THE WAY TO COVERT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND THE SAVING OF LIFE.

The saving of life from premature extinction by disease, the freeing of existence from the aches and pains which illness implies, and thereby the rendering of humanity happier in all ways, represent the highest aims of science. These aims might very aptly be regarded as of sacred character, seeing that if the sanctity of life be above all other considerations, the means for its protection and prolongation must be considered to be little short of a standard to be reckoned of the highest ethical kind. There is not a department of science which does not contribute to the advance of hygiene and its sister branches of inquiry. From geology to physics, from botany to chemistry—all are laid under contribution for information and for aid.

The nature of soils and of a water supply is an investigation of geological kind. The chemist satisfies us of the purity of water and air; the biologist teaches the physician the history of the microbes to which we owe infectious troubles; and the zoologist works out the life-history of lower animal organisms responsible, say, for malaria and kindred ailments. Physics, giving us electric light, and chemistry radium, place in the hands of the doctor means for treating serious disease by means of the rays or waves given forth. Truly, there are many minds and diverse working daily in fields of research for the benefit of humanity, and for that which Bacon styles "the relief of man's estate." The reference to the use of the Finsen light and radium leads to the consideration of remarkable advances made in connection with the employment of these means for the relief of lupus and cancer.

The former disease is allied in its nature to scrofula, and its characteristic feature is a slow destruction of the tissues it attacks. It resembles cancer, that greater scourge in this latter respect, but it is of slower nature, and its effects are not marked by the tendency to a fatal ending. The influence of light rays in killing the microbe to the presence of which lupus is due, of arresting the progress of the disease, and of healing the affected surfaces, has been abundantly demonstrated in our hospitals. Here we find science rescuing a disease, so to speak, from the domain of the incurable and placing it within the category of ailments over which the physician can assert his power and control. With regard to the action of radium rays, much remains to be discovered. Experiment so far appears to demonstrate that radium rays, with their penetrating properties, may possess a direct influence in reaching deep-seated growths, and that in this way cancer may be reached and cured. But this is speculation and nothing more as things are. Active workers are investigating the qualities of radium, and within a year or two, it may be, another blessing will be conferred on suffering mankind through the agency of the wondrous element which Monsieur and Madame Curie have given to the world.

It is curious to note how practical results may follow upon the philosophical consideration of already known facts; that is to say, when the facts are viewed or regarded in a certain light, and under the influence of new phases of thought, they may assume an importance previously unknown and unsuspected. Of late days the daily journals have frequently mentioned the subject of cancer research in relation to what have been called new views of the causation of that terrible scourge of modern life. These views are not of novel kind at all. They date years ago from Cohnheim, who was the first to enunciate them, and they have been elaborated anew by Dr. Beard, of the University of Edinburgh. This topic presents an excellent illustration of the truth above noted with reference to the new application of old facts. Let us see how light may possibly be thrown on an obscure problem, but one the solution of which means so much to man.

It has long been known that in cancers we meet with an enlarged and distorted condition of the natural cells and tissues of the affected parts. It would seem as though some special influence was at work in causing the normal cells to grow hugely and to outstrip the limits of healthy growth, causing them thus to invade other and surrounding parts and to destroy them. Clearly, the search after the cause of cancer must take the form of determining what this influence is, how it originates, and how it operates in exercising its malign effects. So much for the problem itself. Now let us pass to certain known facts of biological interest, long known, but until Cohnheim's days not related to cancer-causation, or, indeed, to any other phase of disease-prevention or cure.

Biology shows us that from the original germ which gives origin to the animal body, a number of cells are produced in the ordinary course of development. Of these one practically becomes converted into the future frame. The others are outcasts in a sense, and find their vocation gone. If they died off—as, no doubt, many do—they would, at least, end their existence in a respectable fashion. But they do not so perish. Like homeless errant beings, they take up their abode in various parts and organs, and there lie dormant. The interest which attaches to these errant cells arises from the fact that they still retain their power of proliferation. In other words, as originally cells devoted in virtue of their birthright to the development of a new body, they exhibit a tendency to multiply; only, they do so multiply amid surroundings unnatural to them. If, now, we suppose that some exciting cause—a blow or other form of irritation—awakens these dormant cells, we can realise how by their development they cause a cancerous growth. Briefly stated, this is the so-called new theory of cancer. It is an old view, as I have shown; but, as a purely biological speculation founded on fact, the theory illustrates how medicine receives assistance not from one, but from all her sister sciences.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

L. DESANGES.—In your last two-mover, if Black play 1. Q takes Kt, there is a bad dual by 2. R to Q 4th or R takes P, mate.
E. E. P. (Kensington).—There is no mate, as you surmise, by 1. R to B 4th to No. 3116.
R. OWEN and OTHERS.—1. R to K 7th or 1. B to Kt 2nd will not solve No. 3116.
E. J. WINTER-WOOD.—To hand with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3103 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3104 from J. E. (Valparaiso) and Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3107 from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of No. 3112 from Segismund Chelminski (Szczawka); of No. 3114 from George Fisher (Belfast), D. B. R. (Oban), Emile Frau (Lyons); Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.), C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and E. E. Hiley (Wells); of No. 3115 from E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Albert Wolff (Putney), Emile Frau, T. Roberts, H. Walters (Plumstead), and George Fisher (Belfast); of No. 3116 from W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), A. G. (Pancova), Emile Frau, E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Clement C. Danby, New Mills Conservative Club Members, George Fisher (Belfast), and G. Bakker (Rotterdam).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3117 received from Charles Burnett, C. E. Perugini, The Tid, Laura Greaves (Shelton), Hereward, T. Roberts, Sorrento, F. Ashwell (Clifton), Calliope (Wycombe), Joseph Cook, H. J. Plumb (Gloucester), Philip Daly (Brighton), George Fisher (Belfast), Shadforth, Emile Frau (Lyons), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Martin F. J. W. (Campsie), Herbert Leatham (Margate), Reginald Gordon, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. J. S. (Hampstead), B. Cafierata, E. J. Winter-Wood, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), R. H. Webb (Liverpool), Clement C. Danby, G. Bakker (Rotterdam), F. Henderson (Leeds), J. Coad, H. S. Brandreth, L. Desanges, E. Holloway (Brighton), and R. Worters (Canterbury).

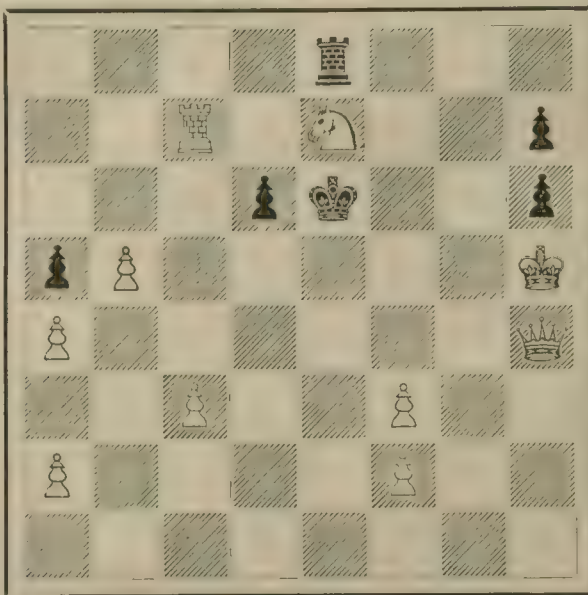
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3116.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 3rd Kt takes R
2. Kt to R 5th Any move
3. Kt Mates.

If Black play 1. Kt to B 6th; 2. R to Q 4th (ch); and 3. P mates.

PROBLEM No. 3119.—By A. W. DANIEL

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. PILLSBURY and GUTHRIE.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q takes B	Q takes P (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	20. K to R sq	K R to K sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes K P	21. Q to B 3rd	R takes P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 2nd	22. Q takes P	Q to K 5th
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	23. Q takes Q	R takes Q
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	24. Q R to Q sq	R to K 7th
7. B to K 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th	25. R to K Kt sq	P to K R 4th
8. B to K 2nd	K Kt to Q 4th	26. R to Q 7th	P to R 4th
9. Q to Q 2nd	Castles	27. P to R 3rd	P to Kt 4th
10. Castles K R	P to K B 3rd	28. R to Kt 7th	R to Kt 7th
11. Kt to B 4th	B to K 3rd	29. K to R 2nd	P to K R 5th
12. Kt takes Kt	B P takes Kt	30. K to R sq	R to K 6th
13. P to B 5th	B to B 2nd	31. P to Q R 4th	P to Kt 5th
14. P to Q R 3rd			

In the next five or six moves the series of "exchanges" here initiated result in the loss of a valuable Pawn to White, and secure Black a winning advantage.

14. B takes Kt
15. P takes B
16. P to B 4th
17. Q takes Kt
18. Q takes P

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the Inter-State Telegraphic Match between Messrs. J. SPEDDING (New South Wales) and W. PALMER (Queensland).

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	15. Q R to K sq	P to B 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P takes K P	B takes P
3. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	17. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	18. P to Q B 4th	Q to K 3rd
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt takes Kt	19. Q to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
6. Kt P takes Kt	B to Q 3rd	20. R to Q B sq	Q R to Q sq
7. P to Q 4th	Castles	21. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. P to K 5th	P takes P
9. Castles	P to K R 3rd	23. B to Q 5th	R takes B
10. P to K 4th		24. P takes R	Q takes P

Though not in all respects a model opening, White now obtains a strong centre, and has the better position.

11. R to K sq
12. B to Kt 2nd
13. R to K 3rd

To permit P to B 4th presently, so as to break up White's centre.
14. Q to B 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd

After much admirable play, White here makes a slip; Q takes B P leaves him with a won game. His opponent takes immediate advantage of the error, as will be seen by the game.

25. B to R 6th
26. R to K 2nd Kt to Q 5th
27. Q to K 3rd Kt to B 6th (ch)
28. K to B 2nd Kt to K 8 (dis.ch)
White resigns.

A selection of games from the tournament played at Monte Carlo last year has been published by Mr. W. W. Morgan as Book 13 of the Shilling Chess Library. The choice is a fairly good one, but the value of the collection is greatly impaired, in our opinion, by the method of printing the score, which, to say the least, is wearisome and confusing. The illustrative diagrams, however, are numerous and well printed.

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LOST LIBRARIES.

Between the military necessities of Cæsar in B.C. 48 and the fusing of an electric wire in 1904 A.D., the historical parallel may seem hard to trace, but each may claim a dubious kinship with the other as the cause of irreparable disaster to the world's literature. In the former year Julius, with the laurels of Pharsalia still fresh upon his brow, had landed at Alexandria, only to find himself involved in one of the most hazardous passages of his career. By the revolt of the soldiers and citizens under Achilles he was shut up in a waterless quarter of the city, and in order to secure his retreat by sea he fired the Egyptian fleet. Had he foreseen one consequence of his action, the accomplished man of letters within him would have contended with the consummate soldier to find some other means of escape, but doubtless the soldier would have prevailed. It was after, not before, Pharsalia that he permitted himself to give way to sentimental regret for the sacrifices of victory, and accordingly even the destruction of the incomparable library of Alexandria must have seemed trifling compared with the momentous issue on which he had staked his all. Yet it is impossible to believe that Cæsar, as he watched the flames spread from the ships to the shore, and finally envelop the Museum and its treasures, remained insensible to the loss he had involuntarily inflicted upon the world. His imagination was too vivid, his literary sympathies too keen, for him to behold unmoved that holocaust of intellectual riches, and he may even have foreseen the bitterness with which, for all time, scholars would regard the accident. For although the fragments of ancient literatures which have come down to us are sufficiently magnificent, yet their glory is shadowed by that romantic "might-have-been" which is inseparable from the thought of the lost library of Alexandria. The ashes of its four hundred thousand volumes flung across the continuity of human thought an insurmountable barrier, and there is no comfort even in the saying (begotten doubtless of his profession) of the most accomplished of the Alexandrian librarians that "a big book is a big bane."

The library which perished by Cæsar's act was founded by Ptolemy Soter in the third century B.C., and had therefore attained that respectable antiquity which John Hill Burton postulates for the proper making of a collection of books. "A great library," he says, "cannot be constructed, it is the growth of ages. You may buy books at any time with money, but you cannot make a library that has been a century or two a-growing, though you had the whole national debt to do it with." Burton would scarcely have been pleased with the tremendously rapid increase of the Alexandrian volumes, which, in about a hundred years, numbered 532,800, although his book-hunting passion might have consented to wink at some of the methods of Euergetes, the greatest patron of the institution. This subtle collector would borrow a precious manuscript from its owner on the pretext of having it copied by the library staff, and the possessor doubtless felt complimented and gratified to lend it, until he discovered, when the work was punctiliously returned, that it was the original, not the copy, that remained on the shelves of the Museum. That the trick succeeded again and again is only explicable on the theory that when a Ptolemy asked it was as impossible to refuse as to obtain redress when he appropriated. The monarch could plead that the original was safer in the library, and as the institution was public, the owner might always see his treasure, on complying with the ordinary rules. If the book was of more than ordinary value, it was kept for greater security in the Temple of Serapis, afterwards destroyed by the mob in the reign of Theodosius.

The loss at Turin University during the fire in the library on Jan. 26 is in point of numbers only about a fourth of that at Alexandria, but relatively it is second to that calamity in importance. The mere recital of the names of the principal works destroyed is sufficient to justify the tears which the chief librarian is said to have shed as he saw his charge sink down in flame. Of thirteenth and fourteenth-century Greek manuscripts four hundred have perished; to these must be added the collection of Cardinal della Rovere (Pope Julius II.), the palimpsests of Cicero and Cassiodorus, the Latin manuscripts collected by Aldus and Elzevir, who wedded exquisite typographical art with learning, to perpetuate the labours of the scholars of the Renaissance. Among its illuminated manuscripts the University mourns "Les Heures de Turin," the Duc de Berry's famous codex, valued in England at £4000. The codex of Theodoretus, the Pliny, and the Charles V. manuscript collection have also vanished. Such ruin must compel the sorrow even of Mr. Carnegie, albeit his enthusiasm for libraries is tempered by a conscientious enmity to classical literature.

England has had her library fires, the most unfortunate of which was that at Ashburnham House on October 23, 1731, when the Cottonian collection came very near destruction. The library, which owes its existence to the industry of Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, is the most remarkable treasury of English historical documents saved from the wreck of the monasteries. It was first placed in Cotton House, at the west end of Westminster Hall; and then in Essex House, Strand. Thence, in 1730, it was removed to Ashburnham House, in Dean's Yard, where, in the following year, 111 manuscripts were destroyed and ninety-nine damaged. Thereafter the remnant was housed in the new Dormitory of Westminster School; and in 1757 it was finally deposited in the British Museum, where conservative national custodians still preserve the old system of classification. Each section is named after one of the twelve Cæsars, whose busts adorned the twelve cases. The founder's devotion to his collection was, curiously enough, made the instrument of punishment by a paternal Government, for on two occasions, when he was suspected of political disaffection, he was condemned to be separated for a season from his books, to him an ordeal as of fire.

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LADIES' PAGES.

The Countess of Aberdeen headed a deputation to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman last week, to urge upon him the claims of women to Parliamentary representation. The official Liberal leader was addressed by several of the ladies of position who work for his party, including the Countess of Carlisle, Lady Trevelyan, and Lady McLaren. The resulting response was unsatisfactory. The Liberal leader explained that he was personally "in considerable sympathy" with the women who desire to support their chosen political views with their votes as well as with their influence; but "he was neither authorised nor able" to speak for the party that he represents. It would probably be a very profitable step for the Liberals to undertake to carry into effect in this direction the principles that have been expounded as their views on behalf of men again and again; the arguments advanced for the successive extensions of the franchise to the lower and least instructed classes of male citizens, I mean, ranging from the abstract right of representation to accompany taxation to the "Are they not your own flesh and blood?" of Mr. Gladstone. A great part of the educating and organising work of politics in the country villages is to-day in the hands of ladies on both sides of politics, and especially on the Liberal side. But the Liberal women are generally strongly in favour of the suffrage for women, and many of them take only a comparatively slight part in political work for the party, because they know that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and their followers seeking office at present as Liberals are no more prepared to give representation to women than Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

At the meeting of the London School of Medicine for Women, a report was presented by the governing body showing that the entry of students continuously increases, although the changes in the curriculum of the University of London will increase the cost of obtaining that degree. The students of this school are not compelled to take the difficult and costly degree of the London University, but a great proportion of them do so, as the examination to which most of the men students of London schools of medicine betake themselves—that for the membership of the Royal College of Surgeons—is still closed to women. There are several other schools for medical women in the kingdom, and it is rather strange to learn that no less than six of these are mixed—men and women study together at them; the London school is for women alone. There are also six Universities in the United Kingdom at which women can obtain medical degrees, as well as other qualifying examinations being open in Scotland and Ireland. According to the census of 1901 there were 212 lady



A CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

doctors holding full legal qualifications; and of these, 120 were under thirty-five years of age. It is believed also that nearly 300 fully qualified women are working in India. A number of workhouse infirmaries have a resident lady surgeon; a lady is bacteriologist to Derby Town Council; and a lady is medical officer of the Lambeth Poor Law schools at Norwood.

Charity balls and entertainments seem to have quite superseded in town the older bazaar and sale of work. The number of the subscription parties arranged for the moment is considerable, and others are looming in the early future, meant to be a part of the possibilities of the season. The necessity of vouchers implies a certain limitation in the numbers of the guests at such semi-public society affairs, so that the large attendances at those that are at all fashionably "patronised" is remarkable. The only pleasant way to go is to make up one's own party. This is one way in which a well-to-do bachelor can return the hospitalities of his married friends. The "current events" in this direction are the Waterloo Road Hospital Ball at Covent Garden on Feb. 2, and the Skating Fête at Hengler's on Feb. 4 in aid of the Union Jack Club for soldiers in London. On Feb. 12 the Hotel Metropole is to be the scene of a fancy-dress ball for an object which interests all of us who love dogs, and appreciate the more stately but as deep affection of the feline friend of the lonely woman—namely, the foundation of a free hospital and surgery for the animals of the poorer class of owners. The Duchess of Portland, unfailingly kind to animals, is the President of the "Dogs' Protection League," which is getting up the dance; and Mrs. Howard Spicer, The Glen, Kingsbury, the wife of the founder of the League, is one of those from whom tickets are to be procured.

It is curious how occult facts that have been long as certain as anything can be to those sensitive to their effects are nowadays being verified by the methods of strict science. That some force, as real, and in some cases as potent as electricity, emanated from human beings; that this "magnetism," rather than true beauty, was the source of the fascination exercised by some men and some women over the opposite sex; and that, above all, it made the true power and charm of the orator, has long been my fixed belief. In the matter of the fascinating woman, for example, it is usual and conventional to speak of her as a "famous beauty"; but the actual portraits that exist of such historical personages are usually apparent representations of most ordinary if not absolutely plain persons. Judging by their portraits (go to the National Portrait Gallery and see for yourself), Queen Elizabeth had much more claim to be called beautiful than Mary Queen of Scots, of whom the authentic portraits are positively plain. Elizabeth had her own "magnetism," but it was that of

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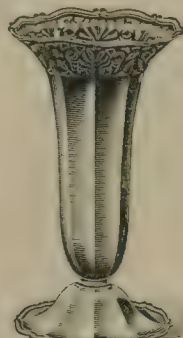
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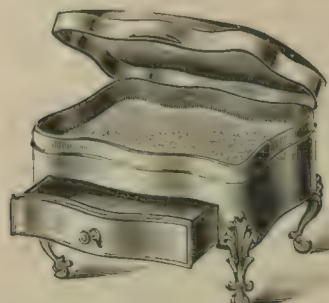
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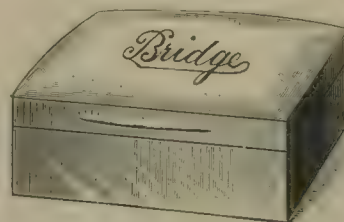


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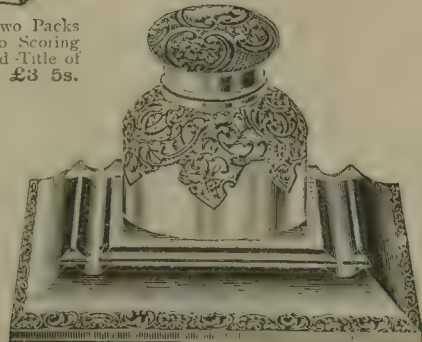


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YOUR PIANO.

power: she did not care to charm; she preferred to awe and daunt.

But never mind history and portraiture—let us appeal to everyday experience. It will be strange if my readers do not know someone to whom my argument applies: one whose face, taken to pieces analytically, is not beautiful, whose mouth is too large or too small, whose nose is not up to the standard of an artistic model, whose eyes are little, or too sunken, or the reverse, who, in fact, is and at times looks plain; but, under favourable circumstances, is brilliantly, shiningly, fascinatingly beautiful. Oratory is much the same. Vainly will you read verbatim reports of the mere words of the great public speaker, in order to discover how he influenced his hearers. The oration that reads well, on the other hand, probably fell flat on the hearers. There is abundant testimony that Burke emptied the House of Commons when he spoke; but he "reads well"; while Gladstone's speeches are dull in print. The true masters of vocal charm can no more be found represented in print than the irresistible beauty can be seen painted on canvas. Something of physical means there must be, no doubt. I cannot imagine that any woman with a spotted or even muddy and thick complexion can ever exercise in its fullness her personal magnetism, however powerful it may be; and the orator must have something of voice and presence, and not be too tiny or grotesquely featured, nor hampered by a squeaking or puny voice. But with physical means of a very modest order and great mental or nerve "magnetic" force, the beauty and the orator usually succeed much better than their rivals of more obvious but less occult powers. To these conclusions observation long ago brought me. Nor was I alone in this opinion. In Lord Lytton's "St. Stephens," for instance, the observation about the nature of oratorical power will be found put into lyrical shape. At some length he objects to men trying to appraise the words and phrases or measure the meaning of the speaker—

While forth unguessed magnetic influence flows,
Attracts the comrades and confutes the foes.

Well, here comes the man of science now slowly confirming intuitional knowledge by his discoveries of experiments that can be repeated to the satisfaction of the physical senses. Signor Marconi's wireless telegraphy obviously gave great support to the hypothesis of the existence of a radiation of power from human nerve-force; something unseen and intangible can pass through the atmosphere without material communication of the obvious sort. Now the next step is taken. It is announced that new rays, called vaguely "N-rays," their nature not being understood, are proved to emanate from the human body. Professor Charpentier, of Nancy, has made the discovery of the last-mentioned fact, though the rays were first identified by another scientist. Probably the world is on the eve of learning



A PRETTY EVENING FROCK IN CHIFFON.

novel truths as interesting and remarkable about nerve-force as those electrical facts that are now known.

This is the very dullest season for dress news. We are all wearing out the frocks we have already purchased, and do not want to order any more if we can help it till the spring fashions are revealed. Hats are the first novelties to appear—harbingers of spring in the dress world like the cuckoo in the woods. The few models that have appeared seem to indicate that we are once more to turn up the brims of our hats very decidedly; a high curl at both sides is visible in several of the best shapes. The crowns are still low, oval or egg-shaped, with the brim rising higher than the centre. On the Riviera a friend tells me in a gossip letter the wide-brimmed Early Victorian bonnet is often seen, its raised front filled in either fully with a wreath, or partially at the sides with big clusters of small blossoms, such as violets or button roses. On these bonnets, she adds, the long lace-edged veil of the same period is arranged, and usually worn thrown back from the face over the crown of the bonnet: it is so convenient when one takes a short motor ride to have the veil thus ready for effectually covering the face without muffling it up all the time. Marquise shapes and turbans are also to the fore; these are produced in white chiffon, laid in innumerable folds, as well as in more lasting materials, such as straw and crinoline. Stiff little clusters and wreaths of small blossoms are alike used to trim the turban shapes.

One of our Illustrations depicts a design for a light-textured and pliable cloth, such as is suitable for early spring wear. The skirt is made with a plain yoke, on to which the lower portion is set with a few gathers; and a full flounce flows gracefully round the foot. At each junction a line of black velvet edged with white, and formed into Louis XVI. bows, here and there conceals the joins and finishes the effect; and the same trimming is seen on the bodice, which has a lace collar and revers. The other is a chiffon evening frock, trimmed with ruches and frills of itself and insertions of lace; it is fully gathered at the waist.

In describing last week the charming new jewelled net for the hair to be had from the Parisian Diamond Company, I stated its price at three pounds. I learn that it should have been three guineas, so my readers sending by post for one of these delightfully attractive additions to the fashionable coiffure must not forget the odd shillings. FILOMENA.

MOST OF YOU WHO READ THIS

WILL BE UNABLE TO HEAR ALBANI SING FOR QUITE A LONG TIME,

Madame Albani having sailed for South Africa.

Do you realise, however, that you have only to buy a **GRAMOPHONE** and you can hear in your own home, not only the great diva Albani's actual voice, but also the voices of Mesdames Suzanne Adams, Sobrino, Kirkby Lunn, and such world-renowned operatic singers as Tamagno, Caruso, De Lucia, Plançon, Maurel, Delmas, Renaud, Noté, Sammarco?

The above have attended at the Gramophone Laboratories and made records.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE FOR EVERYONE TO HEAR the actual voice of
CHARLES SANTLEY, ANDREW BLACK, JOHN HARRISON, BEN DAVIES.

Do you realise, however, that by means of the Gramophone you can hear the actual voice of these great singers in your own home? They have attended at our laboratories and made records, thus handing down to posterity a record of their phrasing and expression.

EVERYONE CANNOT FIND THE OPPORTUNITY OF ATTENDING A RECITAL BY
KUBELIK, JOACHIM, RAOUL PUGNO, GRIEG.

Thanks, however, to the Gramophone, these world-renowned musicians have realised what it would have meant to students of the present day if Paganini and Chopin had been able to leave behind them an exact reproduction of their technique and execution. These latter-day artistes have therefore all made Gramophone records for the benefit of future generations.



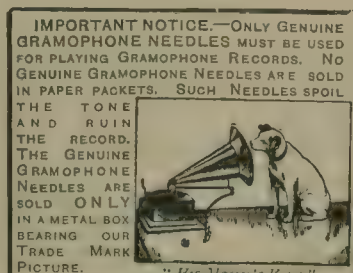
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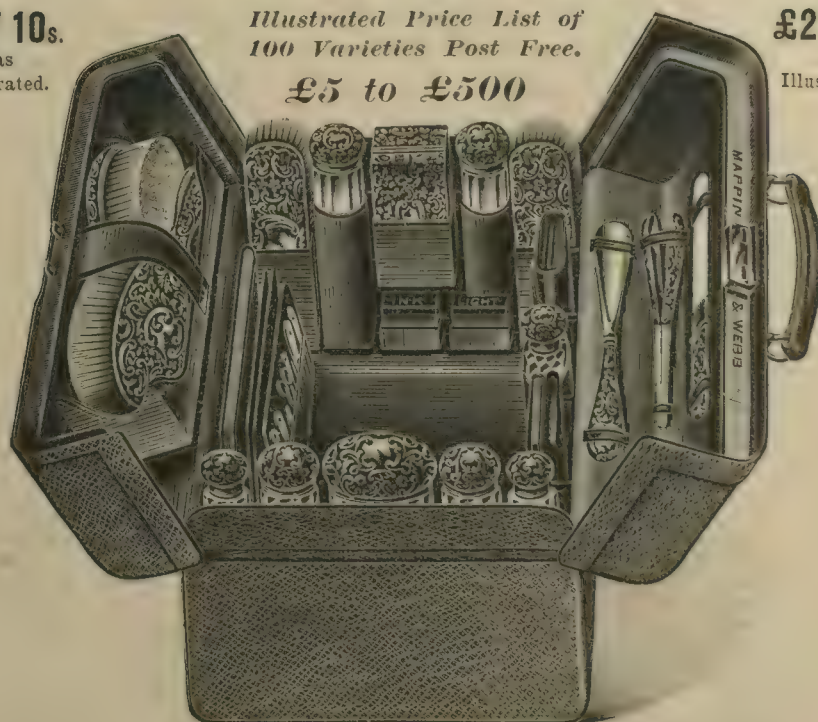
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CONVIVIALITY BY CABLE: THE PILGRIMS' CLUB IN LONDON SUPPING IN CONJUNCTION WITH THEIR NEW YORK BRETHREN'S DINNER, JAN. 29.—[SEE ARTICLE.]

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER



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of all kinds, and
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by taking

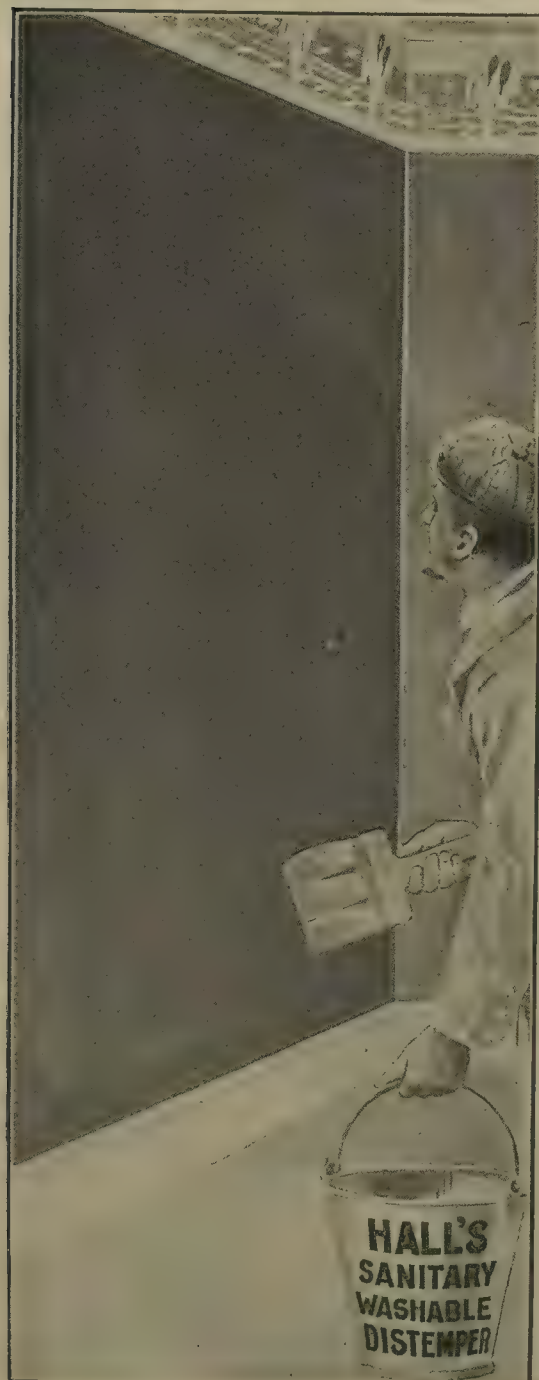
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scientific distillation
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Tar. As they dis-
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Mr. Herbert Spencer has now been proved; the gross value of the estate has been sworn at £18,635 7s., and the net personal at £18,091 3s. 3d. He gives precise directions as to the disposal of his remains; his body is to be cremated, and no religious service is to be used at the burial of his ashes in the unconsecrated part of Highgate Cemetery. Instructions are given as to the publication of his autobiography, to be incorporated in a biography to be written by Mr. David Duncan. There are some pecuniary and specific bequests to executors, friends, and others, and his three-quarter length portrait by J. B. Burgess, R.A., is to be offered to the National Portrait Gallery, and, if not accepted, to the Corporation of Derby, his native town, and a complete set of his works, bound in French morocco, and fourteen volumes of manuscript to the British Museum. All his copyrights and the residue of his personal estate are left, upon trusts, to continue the publication of his works so long as they shall yield a profit, the income to be applied, during the lifetime of the descendants of Queen Victoria living at his decease and the survivor of them and twenty-one years after, in resuming and continuing the publication of the existing parts of his "Descriptive Sociology" and the compilation and publication of fresh parts. The ultimate residue of his property he gives in equal parts to the Geological Society, the Geographical Society, the Linnean Society, the Anthropological Institute, the Zoological Society, the Entomological Society, the Astronomical Society, the Mathematical Society, the Physical Society, the

Chemical Society, the Royal Institution, and the British Association.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1898), with a codicil (of Aug. 6, 1901), of Mr. Herbert Dalton, of Glenrosa, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Jan. 15 by Cornelius Neale Dalton and Roland Neale Dalton, the nephews, the value of the estate being £92,487. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Annie Caroline Dalton; £10,000 each to their children; £1000 and a rent charge at Rushford, Kent, to his son Herbert William; £500 to his daughter-in-law Emily Sarah Dalton; £200 each to his executors; and £200 to his gardener, Henry Millboro. The residue of his property he leaves as to one quarter to his son Herbert William; as to £5000 to his wife, and two sixths of the remainder to the children of each of his brothers John Neale Dalton and William Henry Dalton, and one sixth to the children of each of his brothers Samuel Neale Dalton and Benjamin Neale Dalton.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1903) of Mr. John Waud, of Westdale, Abbey Road, Llandudno, who died on Nov. 26, has been proved by Mrs. Jane Waud, the widow, Edward Wood, and William Allard, the value of the estate being £41,218. He bequeaths £500 to the Leicester Infirmary; an oil-painting, "The Bather," to the Leicester Municipal Art Gallery; £100 each to the Provincial Police Orphanage, Redhill, and the Royal Orphanage, Wolverhampton; £100 to the Princess Alice Orphanage (New Ascot, near Birmingham); and £2500 for the erection of a pair of villas to be called the Beatrice Memorial Homes; £250 and an annuity of £700 to his wife; £11,000, in trust, for

his daughter Ethel Norman Waud; and a few small legacies. On the death of Mrs. Waud he gives his oil-paintings and water-colours to the Birmingham Hospital Saturday Homes. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to the Midland Counties Home for Incurables, Leamington, and the other half, in trust, for the better maintenance and support of deserving women who have never married, of fifty-five years of age and upwards, by allowing them £20 per annum.

The will (dated July 16, 1900), with a codicil (of July 31 following), of Dame Isabel Harriet Fuller-Acland-Hood, of 29, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Jan. 18 by Major Arthur Fuller-Acland-Hood and Henry Fuller-Acland-Hood, the sons, the value of the property amounting to £32,702. The income from £10,000 is to be paid to her daughters while spinsters, and subject thereto is to go to her eldest son, Alexander. She gives £200 each and the household furniture to her four daughters; £100 to the Hon. Dame Mildred Fuller-Acland-Hood; £300 to her son Henry; £200 each to her sons Arthur, William, and Robert; the income from £6000 to her daughters; and such a sum to her eight younger children as will pay the duty on £5000 coming to them from her marriage settlement. The residue of her property she leaves to her son Alexander.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1898) of Mr. Roger Sinclair Aytoun, of Sussex Grove, Putney Park Avenue, Putney, formerly M.P. for the Kirkcaldy district, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Jan. 21 by Annie Elizabeth, Princess de Lusignan, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £28,153. The testator leaves all his estate to the Princess de Lusignan absolutely.



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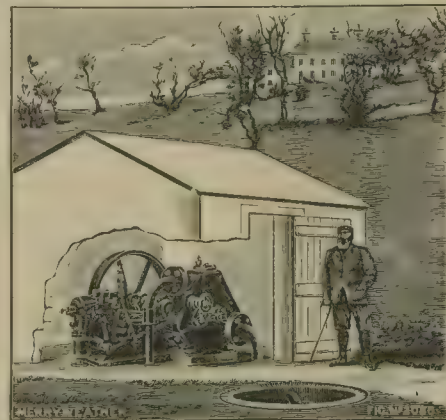
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has always taken a warm personal interest in the work of the Bible Society, and has lately brought it under the notice of King Edward. Arrangements are already being made for the service at St. Paul's on March 6, at which their Majesties will attend, and there is likely to be a very large congregation. Not the least attractive feature to the general public will be the opportunity of hearing Dr. Randall Davidson, who rarely occupies a London pulpit.

Bishop Barry and the Bishop of Hereford have been staying at Mentone. They were both present at a meeting held on behalf of the Bible Society. Dr. Percival referred to the loss the Riviera had suffered through the death of Dr. Sandford, late Bishop of Gibraltar and President of the Auxiliary. He described the Bible House as "a house of industrious Christian power," and showed how the society, by gathering all denominations around one book, presented to the nations of the world a united Christendom.

The late Bishop Churton, of Nassau, was an earnest missionary, and his death, which closely followed that of the Bishop of Trinidad, has been a heavy loss to the West Indian Church. The Right Rev. J. T. Hayes had presided over the diocese of Trinidad for fifteen

years, and was greatly admired for his activity and administrative skill. He had been visiting this country for a restful holiday, but the many demands on him for speeches and sermons had prevented his taking the necessary leisure. At Exeter Hall the Bishop proved a most attractive orator. He had arranged to sail with Mrs. Hayes by the *Jamaican*, but as he was a good deal worn out by public work, his doctor advised him to lay up for ten days before setting out on the journey. The Bishop, however, decided to proceed. On reaching Liverpool he was completely prostrated, and he passed away after a very brief illness.

The recent Sunday evening parade of L.C.C. trammens at St. Mark's, Kennington, was most successful, and the Vicar, the Rev. John Darlington, expressed the hope that the service might become an annual one. The Bishop of Rochester was in Germany at the time, but both he and the Bishop of Southwark sent messages of welcome to the men. In his sermon Mr. Darlington quoted from the Duke of Portland's Y.M.C.A. address on the folly of betting.

The Rev. Frank Swainson has been revisiting Sheffield, and in an address to his old friends at All Saints' Church he told some incidents of his work in Holloway. He has now nearly three hundred men at his Sunday Bible Class, with 215 enrolled as members.

This has been accomplished in about seven weeks. At All Saints' Bible Class it had taken them twelve months to get to 183. Last Sunday evening the congregation at St. Barnabas' reached about a thousand, and Mr. Swainson says he is absolutely convinced he did the right thing when he went there.

The *Record*, in the course of an outspoken leading article on the Whitaker Wright case, complains that the Church of England lends countenance to the tremendous race for wealth. "We place our Bishops in positions which make them magnates in the land, and expose them to the trials of administering large incomes with which they ought not to be cumbered. In practice, we insist that the possession of money should be a condition of advancement in many offices. A Savonarola or a Baxter, or a Laud or a Wesley or a Moody, would, if younger clergy in the Church to-day, find their promotion conditioned by their answers to the question whether they had private means."

A statue of the late Canon Lester, of Liverpool, is to be erected in St. John's Gardens, and a house-to-house collection for the fund has been undertaken in Kirkdale. The late Canon did so much excellent work in connection with the poor of Liverpool that there is a universal desire among the citizens to honour his memory.

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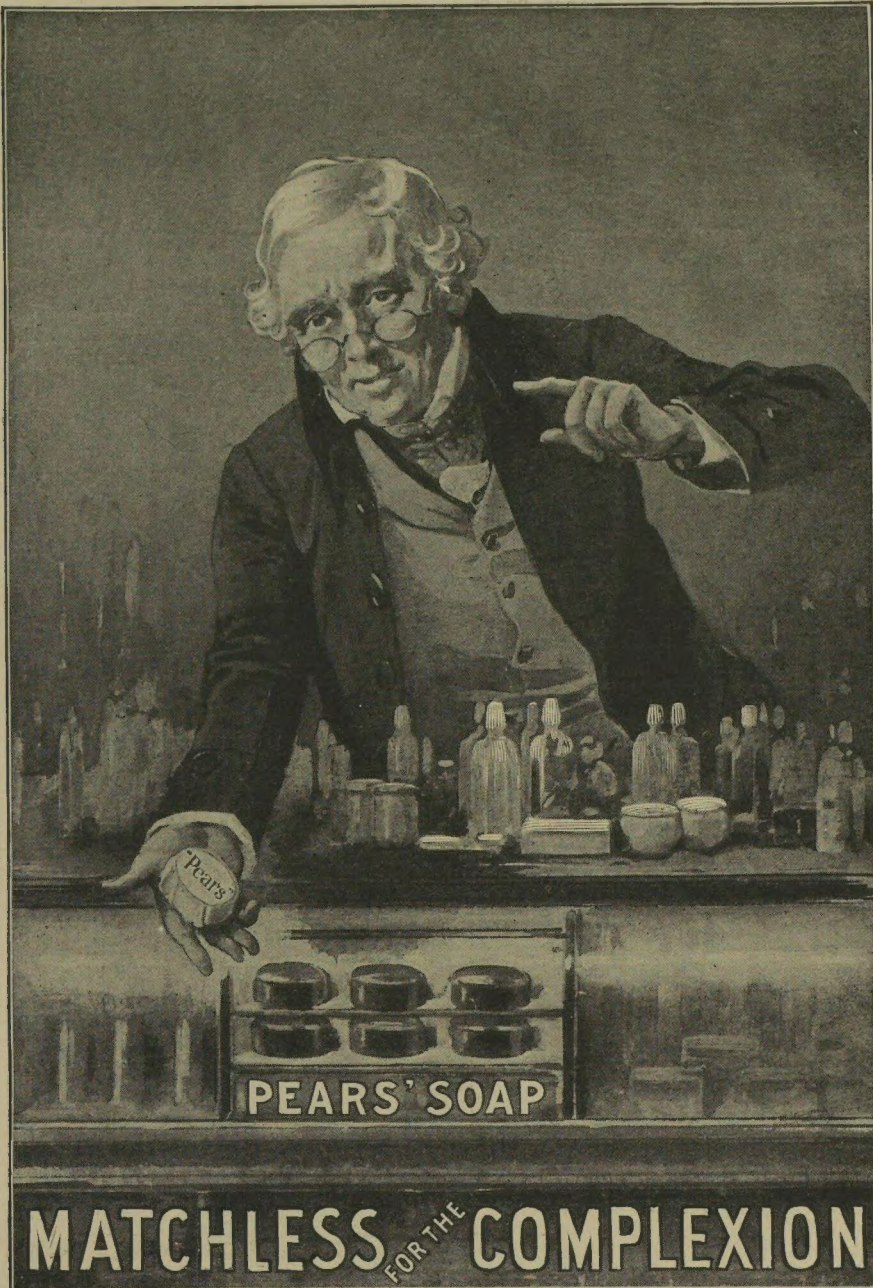
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Send Size of Foot.

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MUSIC.

M. Ysaye gave a most brilliant performance of three concertos in his concert at the St. James's Hall on Friday evening, Jan. 29. The violinist has established so great a reputation in England that it was not surprising he had an excellent audience. The three concertos were by Beethoven, Mozart, and M. Saint-Saëns, and it was in Beethoven that M. Ysaye was at his greatest power. His technique was subordinated more to his really beautiful and sympathetic interpretation, and it was a rendering impossible to beat. The Concerto in E flat of Mozart is most graceful and captivating, and so is the Concerto in B minor of Saint-Saëns. The orchestra was conducted most satisfactorily by Mr. René Ortmans.

On Jan. 28 the Royal Choral Society gave a performance at the Albert Hall of Sir Hubert Parry's symphonic ode, "War and Peace," and the dramatic cantata, "Callirhoë," of Sir Frederick Bridge. The "War and Peace" ode is a most beautiful one, full of intellectual and emotional music of a lofty character. It really has strength and nobility of composition to a marked degree. Especially beautiful and haunting is the dirge, "Blow, trumpets, solemnly, sadly blow," and the "Marching Song of Peace"; while the quartet and chorus, "Aspiration," gave great delight to the audience. "Callirhoë" was composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1888, and has lasted well, losing not

one note of its brightness and grace, even in comparison with more ambitious compositions in later years. It is a dramatic poem full of emotional opportunities, on which Sir Frederick Bridge is not slow to seize. Miss Agnes Nicholls sang most sympathetically the title-role, and Mr. Ben Davies sang the part of the priest-lover, Coresos. In Sir Hubert Parry's symphonic ode Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Ben Davies sang the solo parts. The chorus acquitted itself with a superlative degree of excellence. Its ensemble and lights and shades were warmly to be commended.

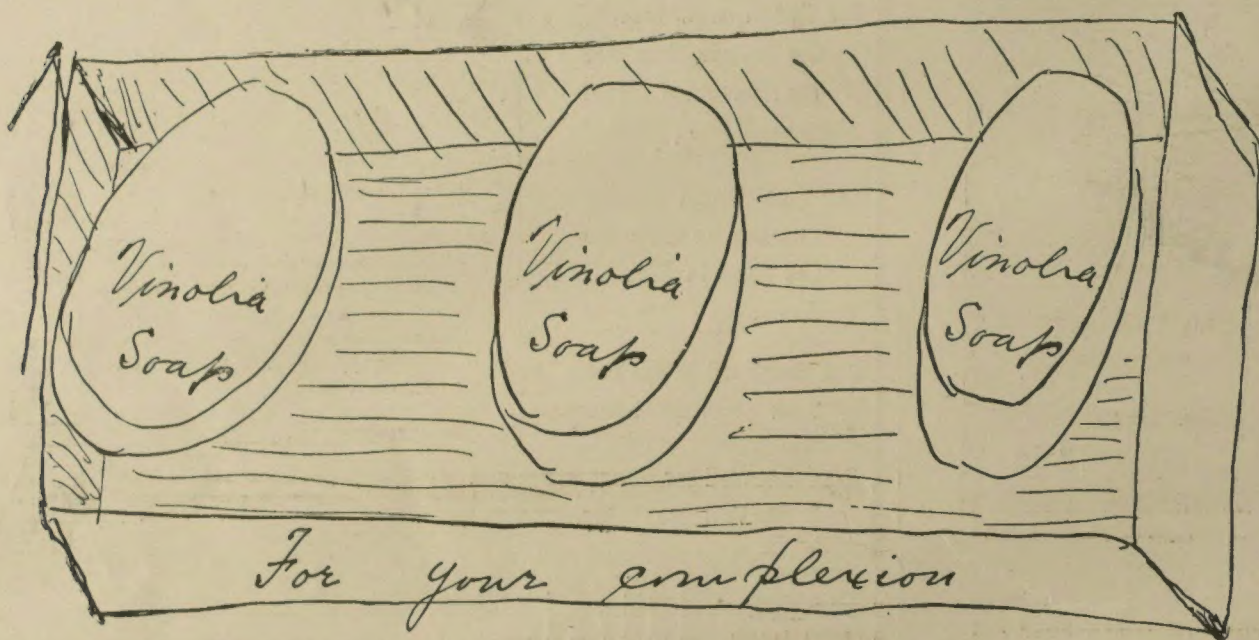
On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, Mr. Ulph Smith and Mr. Walter Churcher gave a most entertaining performance at the Bechstein Hall. Mr. Ulph Smith has a fascinating gift of caricature, which he showed with point in his burlesque of the modern sensational pianist. He gave a clever fantasia on classical pieces, in which "The Miller's Daughter" invariably appeared in a skilful and dexterous fashion. Mr. Walter Churcher told amusing stories, and Miss Margaret Cooper sang most charmingly.

M. I. H.

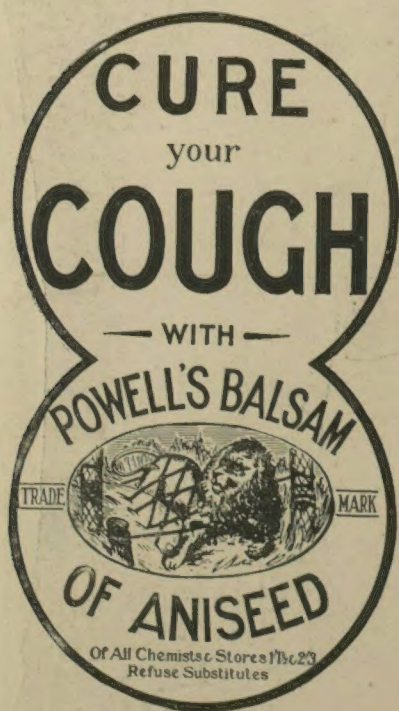
MORE BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

"Avaunt, Perplexity!" still meets us on the cover of "Hazell's Annual," and the volume of 1904 is, of course, an extraordinary compendium of information, but it

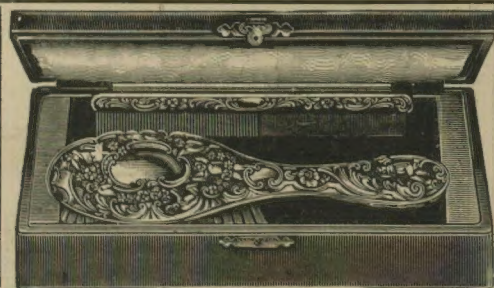
cannot be said that its arrangement invariably puts perplexity to rout. For instance, in attempting to find the Straits Settlements there was nothing very obvious to lead us to refer to "Empire," which is in "Hazell" the heading under which a colony should be looked for. That useful companion for the writing-table, "Kelly's Royal Blue Book," now sees its 164th edition. This work and "Webster's Royal Red Book" form a London directory in miniature, and contain all the addresses that self-respecting people who have no connection with the suburbs require to know. We have also received the forty-fourth annual publication of "Walford's County Families" (Chatto and Windus), which is as exhaustive as it is accurate in its information. "Lodge's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Hurst and Blackett) has now reached its seventy-third edition. The editor still continues his admirable historical notes, and he points out that, as every line of the work is kept constantly standing in type, correction is very easy, and family changes should be notified to him at once. Among useful manuals, we have also received "Sell's Telegraphic Addresses" and T. B. Browne's lucid and methodical "Advertisers' A. B. C." "Dod's Peerage" (Sampson Low) very often gives a handy reference where the larger books of genealogy are unnecessary. We have also to acknowledge the "Clergy Directory and Parish Guide" (Phillips), and Debrett's "House of Commons and Judicial Bench" for the current year.



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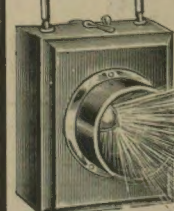
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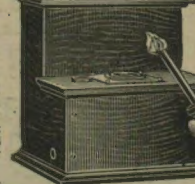
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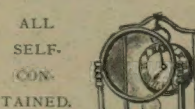
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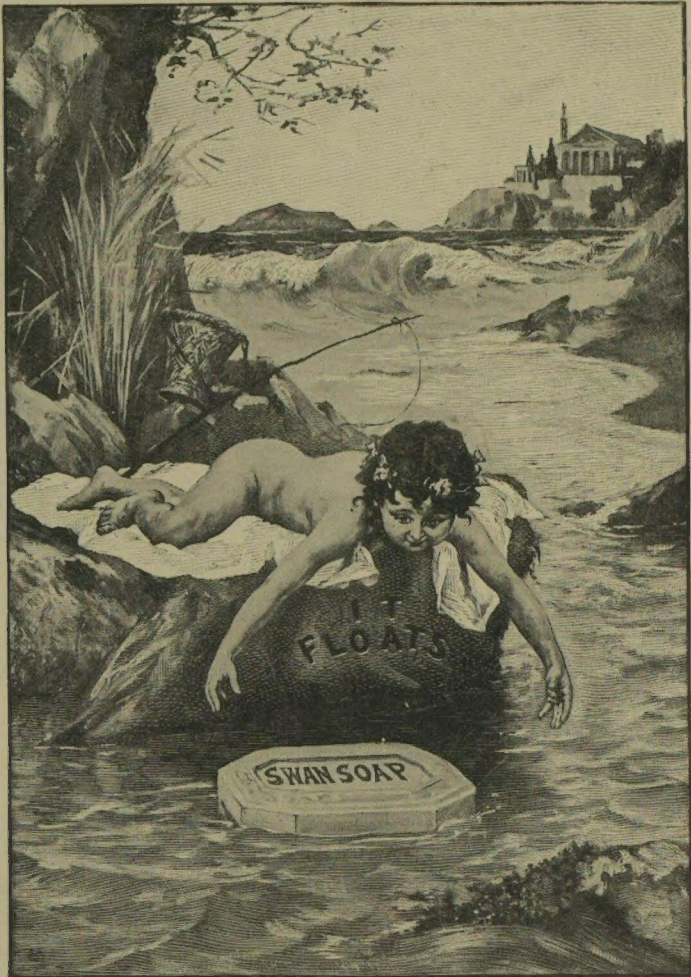
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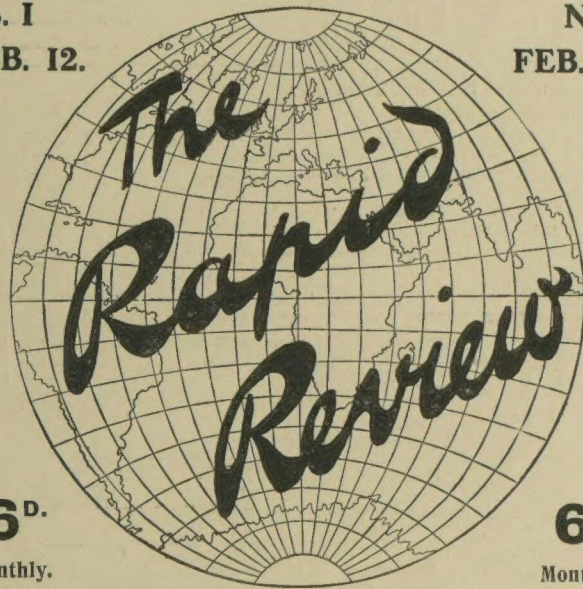


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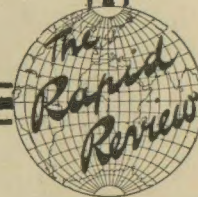


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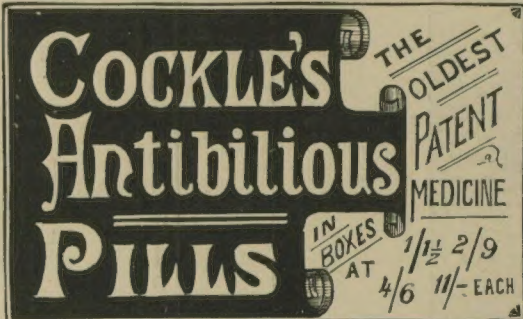
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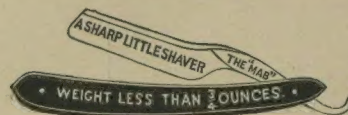
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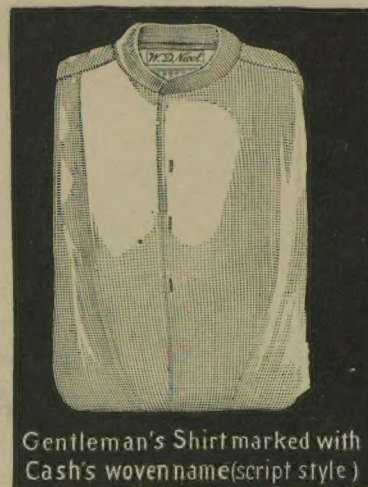
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